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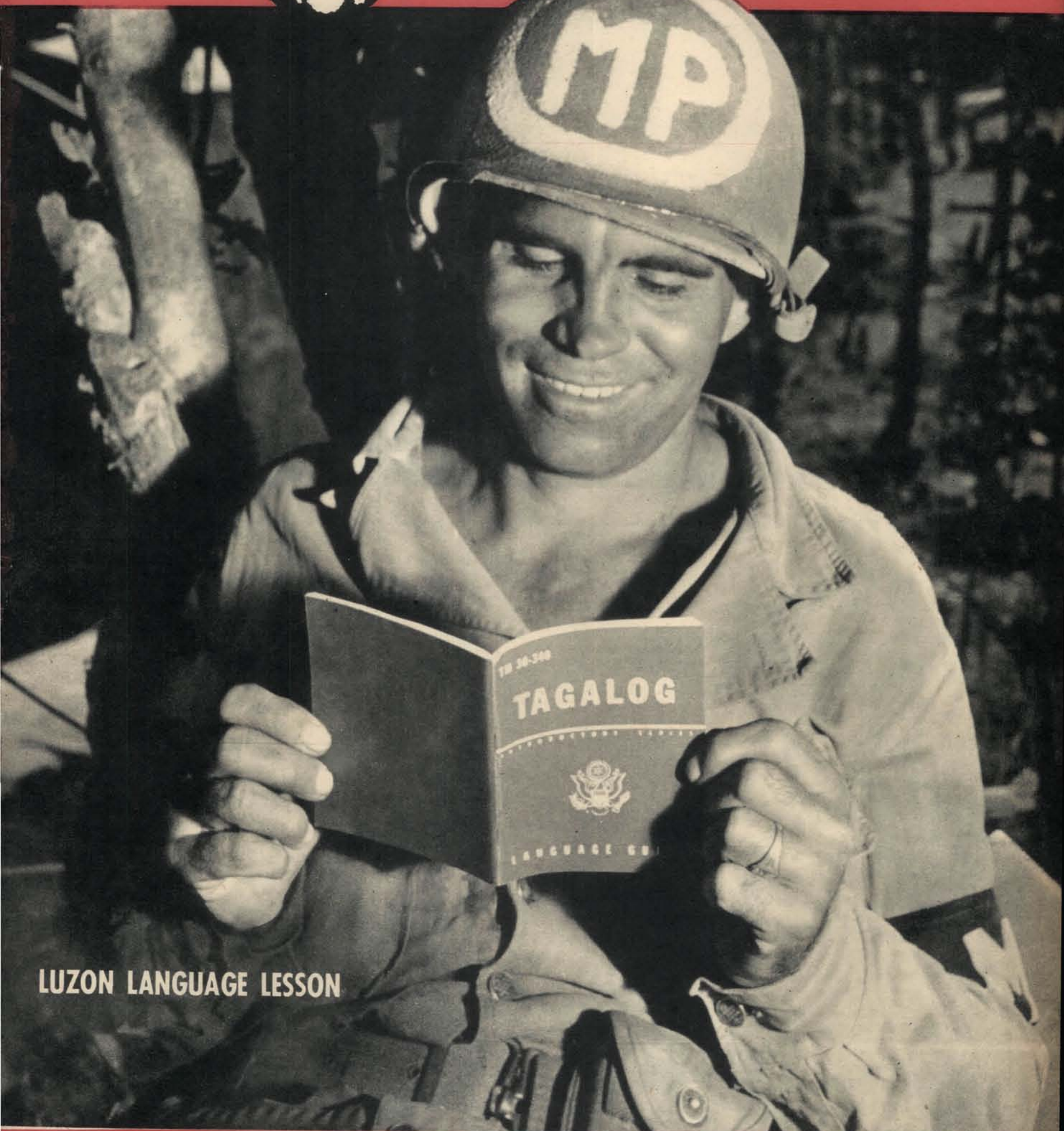
By the men . . . for the men in the service



LUZON LANGUAGE LESSON

The Cooks and Clerks Who Stopped the Jerries

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Dug in at the edge of a Belgian field, these two GIs cover fellow-infantrymen who are working in the snow-covered field below.

Two infantrymen of the 3d Armored Division advance on the double under heavy shellfire in a Belgian town near the front lines.

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A handful of rear-echelon GIs, left behind while their outfit went off to war, stopped a Nazi surprise attack for two days.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

HOTTON, BELGIUM—This used to be a neat little crossroads village snuggled on the banks of the Ourthe River. Most of its men worked in the village sawmill at the northern end of the main street. There huge fir trees from the nearby Ardennes Forest were cut and planed into lumber for the reconstruction of Antwerp, Liege and other Belgian cities that had been torn by Allied artillery and German bombs.

During the Boche occupation and subsequent withdrawal, Hotton escaped any visible evidence of the violence of war. Its sturdily built brick houses, its school, its theater and its Hotel Ourthe whose name was changed to the Hotel de la Paix when the Boche left—all had come through undamaged.

Then, in the middle of December, the people of Hotton heard frightening news. The Boche had driven the Americans from St. Vith and were rolling along relentlessly toward Hotton, just as they had done in the fearful days of 1940. Holiday spirits, bubbling over at the prospect of the first free Noel since 1939, quickly died down. The Boche was coming back for Christmas.

But new hope came to Hotton the week before Christmas when American tanks and armored vehicles rumbled across the village bridge. Most of them continued north toward the approaching Germans, but some half-tracks and trucks and a hundred-odd U. S. soldiers stopped in the village. The burgomeister quickly gave permission for the Americans to occupy any buildings they might need. Medics set up a treatment station in the theater; a Headquarters Company moved into the schoolhouse; Armored Engineers took over two buildings next to the home of *Docteur* Paul Godenir and a Signal Corps outfit occupied the renamed "Hotel of Peace."

The people of Hotton went to bed that night confident that the Americans had come back to protect their village from the Boche. They didn't know that the handful of U. S. troops were only rear-echelon men who are not rated as combat soldiers. They were Headquarters Company cooks and clerks, Signal Corps radio operators and linemen, Armored Engineers demolition men and mechanics, and half a dozen MPs from the division Provost Marshal's Office. They had been left behind in this safe spot when Maj. Gen. Maurice Rose took the rest of the 3d Armored Division forward to meet the Germans.

Headquarters Company was eating chow in the schoolhouse at 0730 the next morning when eight rounds of mortar fire exploded 40 yards away in the schoolyard. That was Hotton's first warning that elements of a Panzer grenadier division had rolled in from the east to take the main highway at Hotton running north to Liege.

Quick reconnaissance disclosed Jerry infantry and four Mark V tanks in the woods east of the village. Capt. William L. Rodman, Headquarters Company CO from Philadelphia, Pa., ordered a firing line built up along the hedgerows running from the school to the sawmill at the north end of the main street. Then he told T-4 Paul H. Copeland, Special Service noncom from Columbus, Ohio, to take three men and a half-track and set up an outpost at the north end of town to protect that flank. Copeland, a former varsity basketball player at Ohio State University, grabbed a .50-caliber and a .30-caliber machine gun and asked for three volunteers to help him man the buildings on the north edge of the village. The first volunteer was his buddy, Cpl. D. A. Henrich of Antigo, Wis., who used to play fullback on the Wisconsin University football team and with whom Copeland used to have nightly arguments on the relative merits of those two Big Ten rivals. T-5 Peter Brokus of Shamokin, Pa., half-track driver, and Pvt. Carl Hinz of Chicago, Ill., were the other two volunteers. Meanwhile the Armored Engineers under Maj. Jack Fickessen of Waco, Tex., had set up a defense of the southwest section of the village.

Following the heavy burst of mortar fire which ripped off part of the schoolhouse roof and wounded five Yank soldiers, two of the Mark Vs started moving on the village, supported by a small infantry force which stayed a safe distance behind the vehicles. One tank came down the ridge road on the east toward the Engineers' CP; the other headed along the railroad tracks which bisected the village just north of the schoolhouse. A partly disabled American M4 tank, which had been left in Hotton for repairs, went out to meet the Jerry tank coming down the ridge road. They met directly in front of the Engineers' CP. The U. S. tank threw the first punch and missed. It didn't get another. The heavier enemy tank knocked it out.

A few minutes later the same Mark V was out of action itself on a fluke decision that is really one for the books. Sgt. Vern Sergent of Oklahoma City, Okla., and Pvt. Hugh Lander of Elizabethtown, Ky., an Engineer bazooka team, attacked it soon after it polished off the Sherman. Their burst bounced off the heavily armored Jerry vehicle like pebbles off a stone wall, but the Jerry crew had been a little careless when fueling their tank that morning and had let some gasoline spill over. One side of the vehicle was wet with gas. When the burst from the bazooka hit there, the gas went up in flames. Actually it was only a momentary blaze and did no serious damage, but the Jerry crew didn't wait around to investigate. They bailed out and took off, leaving their still-serviceable Mark V to be put permanently out of action by the engineers.

The other Mark V bulled through a stone wall and edged out on the village main street. Waiting for it, game but overmatched, was a U. S. light tank which had stopped in the town the night before. The uneven battle was over in a matter of seconds. Rumbling on, the Mark V stuck its nose up to the window of a house where two Yank bazookamen were firing at it. Firing point-blank, it wrecked the house, but the two bazookamen miraculously escaped injury. One of them, T-5 John Swancik of Melvin, Ill., was scorched slightly by exploding powder which went off practically under his nose.

As the Mark V backed up, it was jumped from behind by two Headquarters Company bazookamen, T-4 Philip Popp of Lincoln, Nebr., and Pfc. Carl Nelson of Arcadia, Nebr. They scored a hit on the turret, and the tank was abandoned by the Jerry crew.

WHILE the tank battles were going on, Maj. Fickessen notified Headquarters by radio that there were German forces trying to move into Hotton. He asked for instructions. He got them. They were: hold the village at all costs until a relief force arrives.

Hotton, the sleepy little crossroads village, had become an important military objective. Control of it meant control of the road net running west to Belgium's important cities and vital U. S. supply installations. Until combat troops could reach the village, its defense depended upon rear-echelon men who'd been left behind while their troops went off to fight.

Loss of the patrol tanks discouraged the Jerries. Instead of following through with an infantry assault as the outnumbered Americans expected, the Germans started building their own firing line on a ridge that overlooked the village. That gave the Americans time to organize their forces. Maj. Fickessen, senior officer in the village, took over the defense set-up and started posting his men—the cooks, clerks, mechanics and radio operators—in strategic locations. He established strongholds in the schoolhouse, in the sawmill,

This was a German tank before American fire turned it into a pile of junk.

Two dead Germans lie in the snow after a battle over a Belgian town.

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in the Hotel de la Paix and in the buildings which commanded the road branching off to the east where enemy armored attacks might be expected.

Meanwhile the people of Hotton readied themselves for a siege of their village. With the men unable to work in the sawmill and the children unable to go to school, whole families moved into cellars to sit out the war that had come back.

During the lull, the medics decided to evacuate their patients. Mortar shells were dropping all around the treatment station set up in the village theater. Two ambulances and two surgical trucks, all plainly marked with Red Cross signs, pulled out on the road and headed north toward the American outpost. As the medical vehicles reached the open road beyond Copeland's north outpost, the Germans on the ridge opened up on them with a massed mortar barrage. At the same time, enemy machine guns, less than 100 yards from the road, opened direct fire on the ambulances. Both ambulances careened into a ditch. Their wounded occupants had to run back into the village under mortar and machine-gun fire. All the patients managed to escape injury, but one ambulance driver was wounded seriously.

THE Germans continued pouring massed mortars into the village during the afternoon, scoring hits on the theater where the treatment station was located and severely damaging several other buildings and homes. The Yanks defending the sawmill area had to take shelter behind piles of lumber to escape the intense mortar fire. The other defenders of the outposts around the village traded small-arms fire with the enemy. But the attack which the Americans expected momentarily failed to develop. It was learned later from PWs that the Germans had sent back a hurried call for reinforcements when their four tanks and company of infantry failed to overrun the hundred-odd American rear-echelon men. When they finally made their big bid for Hotton the next night, they had a full battalion of infantry plus 14 tanks and supporting artillery.

T-4 Copeland's force on the north outpost had been increased to 24 men and he had two more .50s set up in the houses flanking his CP. The Jerries on the ridge pounded his sector incessantly with mortars and small-arms fire, scoring two mortar hits on his CP. The fight was so hot that night that Copeland and Hendrick had no time for their usual after-dinner argument about the relative merits of Ohio State and Wisconsin football teams—in fact they didn't even have time for dinner. The outflanking movement they expected didn't come that night. The only one who saw action was T-5 Harry Capes, Headquarters Company, from Tallapoosa, Ga. Capes noticed a form approaching him in the darkness. He shouted "Halt." The form kept advancing. Capes sprayed it with his .50-caliber. At daybreak he went out to check on his victim. It was a sheep, almost decapitated by the MG burst.

NEXT morning the village defenders were reinforced by a platoon of 81-mm mortars and four medium tanks which came in from the Division forward CP. The tanks set up roadblocks on a road east of the village, the most likely route for a German armored attack.

During the night, the Signal Corps had laid a wire net to all the strongholds for constant intradefense communications. A mortar OP was set up in the schoolhouse under the direction of 1st Lt. Clarence M. McDonald of Long Beach, N. Y. McDonald is an ex-GI from New York's famed "Fighting Irish" 69th Division, who happened to be around only because he was in the treatment station suffering from a mild case of pneumonia when the Jerries first struck. He didn't stay in bed long.

"When things got hot, it knocked the pneumonia right out of me," McDonald explained. "Somebody had to direct that mortar fire, so I took over. I used to be in a line company."

The mortar platoon had only 150 rounds and the men had to make every one count. The OP was located on the top floor of the schoolhouse, the roof of which had been ripped off by mortar fire. It was cold, but McDonald stayed there all day directing the use of the few precious shells.

All day long Signal Corps maintenance men moved from one stronghold to the next to keep the phone net in operation. Despite mortar fire and MG fire which frequently pinned them to the ground, Pfc. Max D. Troha of Hamtramck, Mich., and Pfc. Stanley R. Presgrave of Arlington, Va., kept the phones working. One mortar burst landed in the Ourthe River only 15 feet from where they were repairing a broken line. They were unhurt by the blast, but several ducks, swimming nearby, were killed by the blast. Fragments from the same mortar riddled the roof of the village bandstand in the middle of a little isle in the Ourthe, where the people of Hotton gathered on summer nights to hear weekly concerts by the village band.

At Copeland's outpost that afternoon, a Headquarters Company cook set up his .50-caliber MG out in the field to cover Jerry troops he saw massing at the wood's edge. A sniper up on the ridge got him, inflicting a flesh wound in the neck. The cook stayed at his gun for 15 minutes, until Copeland discovered his wound and ordered him evacuated. The cook insisted on walking alone to the treatment station a quarter of a mile away.

Late that afternoon a Jerry mortar sailed through an open window of the mortar OP in the schoolhouse. Lt. McDonald was knocked 15 feet across the room and suffered minor abrasions of the legs and arms. He was returned to the treatment station he had left just a few hours before. Another officer took over the mortar platoon.

About 1600 T-4 Copeland phoned in from his north outpost and asked for flares over the fields to the east of his position. Our mortars dropped luminous flares which revealed German troops massing for an attack. Copeland called again: "There's a hell of a lot of Jerry troops in that field. Get some mortars on them quick."

The mortar section had just a few rounds left by that time. They dropped five of them in the middle of the Jerry concentration. Then they sweated out the return of 1st Lt. William McIntosh of Dallas, Tex., and WO Hugh Dramer of Brainerd, Minn., who had driven their jeep through a gantlet of German fire on the north road to get back to the Division CP for more ammunition.

An hour later the Germans launched a heavy attack—later identified as a full battalion in strength—against the Americans defending the sawmill and lumber yard. 1st Sgt. Denver Calhoun had 35 men armed with bazookas, a few machine guns and small arms. The attackers overran part of the position and started infiltrating into the houses on the outskirts of the village. That split the defending force in two, leaving Copeland's 23 men cut off in the north outpost.

Then the Jerries on the ridge brought their newly arrived artillery into action for the first time. They scored three hits on Hotton's main industrial building, leveled the sawmill and set fire to some of the lumber piles. Two of the Americans were killed and three others wounded in the blast.

Maj. Fickessen ordered Sgt. Calhoun to withdraw his forces to the railroad tracks and told T-4 Copeland to cut back to the west and try to get around the Jerry spearhead set up around the sawmill. An hour later the Special Service noncom brought his 23 men, including two wounded, and all equipment back to Fickessen's CP. He had swung 300 yards west, then infiltrated through gaps in the Jerry positions without the loss of a single man or weapon.

Setting up their line along the railroad track, the reconsolidated force of cooks, clerks and mechanics awaited the next enemy attack. It came about 0200 next morning with an estimated force of two Jerry companies driving against the defenders' line. This time the cooks and clerks held fast.

After their second failure in trying to overrun the Hotton positions, the Germans withdrew to houses on the outskirts of the town. Just before dawn five U. S. medium tanks with infantry support rolled into Hotton from Division Headquarters and more came in later in the day. The cooks, clerks and company barber had combat support at last. Although they remained at their positions for the next two days, Hotton's original defenders had finished their job. It included the destruction of four Mark IV tanks and five Mark Vs, plus more than 100 German casualties. Their own casualties were very light. They pulled out of Hotton on Christmas Day to rejoin the 3d Armored Division Headquarters which had left them behind in this safe place while it went forward to meet the Germans.

THE American relief forces drove the Germans from the houses of Hotton and gradually forced them to withdraw, first to the ridge and then on east deep into the Ardennes. But enemy artillery, even while backing up, continued to pour destruction on the village of Hotton. The theater was leveled first, followed in relentless succession by the school, the church, the sawmill, the little cafe named *Fanfare Royale*, the small shops and stores on the main street, the sturdily built homes and finally the hotel whose name had been changed to the Hotel de la Paix. The only building in Hotton that was left relatively undamaged was the village bandstand on the little isle in the middle of the Ourthe river. A riddled roof was evidence of the war that came to the little crossroads village of Hotton.

The people of Hotton are still in their cellars because they have no other place to go. Many trees from the Ardennes must be cut and planed before the reconstruction of Hotton can begin. But all that is left of the sawmill, where most of Hotton's men worked, is twisted machinery and crumbled walls.

This German was defending a house in Hotton against the Yanks before a shell hit him and the house.

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Remember Oran?

It isn't the same town it was in 1943. Al's Place has folded and sailors outnumber the GIs.

By Sgt. RONALD CALDWELL
YANK Field Correspondent

ORAN—The guidebooks say that Oran is a city of Algeria with a population of 309,000. But to thousands of GIs, now scattered over the face of the globe, it is more than that. Here on the flat gray beaches some made their first landing on enemy soil, heard their first sniper's bullet and saw their first friends die. Here too they got their first glimpse of a people they had known before only in the pages of travel books.

The city, white and majestic in the winter sunlight, rises high on the slopes of Djebel Murjajo. To those who saw it for the first time it was like looking at a newsreel or a movie set of balconied apartment houses, sidewalk cafes and bars, and white-sheeted and turbaned Arabs. Officers and men swarmed together into the same bars, tried to date the same mademoiselles, wandered alongside each other down the narrow, dirty streets. Some paused to study the carved figures over the Opera House, or gathered in groups in the Place de la Bastille, or moved on to the Place du Souvenir, and leaned on the sea wall and stared down at the crowded harbor and the blue Mediterranean. Others crowded into the Hotel Continental or sat in the wicker chairs of the American Bar, watching the passing crowd. The whole town was on limits, but no trams ran and there was a 9-o'clock curfew.

If you were there at that time you remember how the Arab kids followed you about, banging on their boxes and chanting, "Shoe shine, Joe? 'Merican polish." And how almost before you knew it they had learned enough English to say "Okay" and "Got chewing gum, candy, bon bon, Joe?" And you won't forget how you stood around open-mouthed while the Arabs sold women on the slave or harem market in the open field that later became Tent City. Or how you tried to talk to a mademoiselle with an open French-English dictionary in your hand. The cinemas, you recall, were something to keep away from. But after the Red Cross came there was a whole lot more to do.

The GIs settled on the vacant lots and fields around the town. Soon the entire countryside was blooming with brown-canvas tents. Hospital Center opened up for business, and the Canastel repple-depple came into being. An Air Corps Replacement Center moved in across the road from the airport. It was winter then, and when the rains came they came hard and the fields grew gooey with slush and mud. GIs and officers alike slept on the bare ground and sweated out those mile-long chow lines for C Rations, and the very first air raids sent everybody diving for slit trenches and foxholes. Sometimes you got so hungry you barged into one of the local restaurants and ordered a dozen eggs at one sitting. That was at the time the Arabs wore barracks bags for pants; it was common to see one walking along with his legs through holes in the bottom, the string drawn tight around his waist and some guy's name and serial number stenciled across the rear end.

The *Stars & Stripes* had not started publishing yet, and the Signal Corps had not begun issuing its bulletins. Everybody was news hungry. At the airport a steel-mat runway was laid and the fighting ships moved in. Then the troops shoved off for the Tunisian campaign.

WHEN the battle-hardened men of the First Army returned, the old familiar places seemed to be either off limits or officers' clubs. There were colonels and majors pulling MP duty, there were special "salute" officers, and you were inspected for dog tags and the way your sleeves were rolled. A bunch of parade-happy guys had moved in ahead of you, and for awhile it seemed as if that was all you were doing—marching up and down the damn streets. The French got a big kick out of it, though, and every evening gathered faithfully to watch the American-British-French retreat ceremony in the Place du Bastille. Joe's Joint, Al's Place and the Waldorf were doing a land-office business in "American" beer. An NCO Club had opened with a beer and snack bar. Down in "GI Alley," the madames had to shove the franc notes aside before they could move about. It was easy to get into the Alley, but you know what you had to take before you could get out again.

No one who was there will forget the time the 1st Division took over, waving franc notes and trying to tear the town apart. The MPs say that it really was not true that they were chased out, though. Nor will anyone forget the time Roosevelt passed through—that is, anyone who could get within 10 miles of the place. Many notables came and went in those days. The Red Cross opened several clubs and restaurants. And the Wacs moved in.

Canastel moved out to the beach resort of Ain El Turk and become a rest center and a depot for home-bound GIs. Out there the officers took over the best hotels and bars, but the Red Cross opened up a club for EMs on the beach. If you remember, there was the GI beach, then the officers' beach, the nurses' beach and the Wacs' beach. The water was swell, though, and the warm sun made a glow on your body—but there was hell to pay if you were caught swimming without your dog tags.

The British took over the airport and lined the field with Beauforts. Sicily and Salerno came and the troops were on the move again. However, the harbor continued to be about the busiest in all of North Africa, and there were PWs to be taken care of. Hospital Center was a busy place. At the airport they put in two new runways. Meanwhile, replacements and transfers flowed through, and M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura organized an athletic program. There were foot and camel races, baseball, touch football, basketball and contests between the Wacs and Red Cross girls. The North African basketball playoffs were held out at the airbase. Baseball playoffs were held in the former horse-racing stadium, and football games at the "Arab Bowl." Finally the Wacs left, most of them for Italy. Then the last great bunch of GIs set out for the invasion of southern France.

THE Oran of today is much as it must have been before the war. The harbor is comparatively quiet. Many of the old landmarks are gone. Canastel and Hospital Center are no more. Tent City still exists, held down by a small MBS service unit, but tents no longer dot the fields; instead, the land in the spring and autumn blooms with flowers and the green of trees and plants; oranges hang on the trees and grapes on the vines. At the airbase the ATC has moved in, and the fighting ships have moved out. Most of the officers' clubs have folded. Joe's Joint, Al's Place and the Waldorf are only memories now, but the art gallery is holding shows again, and "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" have come to the Opera House. The drinks seem better, the bars are less crowded, naturally, and you can get music with your liquor now. The trains, busses and trams are running full force again, and vast numbers of horse-drawn carriages clatter down the cobblestone streets. The Red Cross is still at the Empire Club. Native prices are as high as ever. The Navy now has the run of the town.

You see very few soldiers these days. There are still some MBS men in town, and the 176th MP Company—mainly ex-combat men. Out at the airbase there is the ATC, a very small number of British and South Africans, and a few special detachments such as Weather and the AACS. There is no more teletype news, there are no more Signal Corps bulletins, and the *Stars & Stripes* comes a day late from Italy—or two or three days if the weather is bad. Replacements pass through occasionally, and CBI men sometimes stop off on their way home.

The war has left this place far behind. A hundred thousand or more GIs are having one of their fondest wishes come true—Oran is going back to the guys who had it in the first place.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Pacific Trading Post

GUADALCANAL—It started back in June, when a GI piled some souvenirs on an empty oil drum and set up shop. Today it's a 28-booth bazaar, where wristwatches sell at $50 and up, fountain pens start at $10 and cigarette lighters at $15.

Pfc. Howard Whitaker of Providence, R. I., is a typical operator. His average weekly gross take is about $250. Some months he takes in $1,500. He buys merchandise from GIs, sailors and marines, and also receives some from the States; these are then retailed for anywhere from two to three times their cost. Whitaker is planning to build a house near Providence after the war.

Another booth is operated by three GIs from New York State: T-5 Edward Francis of the Bronx, T-5 John Brenz of Albany and Pfc. John Head of Brooklyn. Their counter features aluminum picture frames, with two American .50-caliber cartridges and two Jap .25s mounted on

CHINESE TAXI. If you're in no hurry, get a water buffalo, as Sgt. Raymond F. Cross has in China.

their bases. They collect $20 for each frame. Since June they've made a collective profit of $4,500, a nice addition to GI pay.

Pvt. LaVerne Schure of Joliet, Ill., who runs another booth, bought a Jap flag from a native girl, who was wearing it for a skirt. He put it up for auction, but the bids didn't run high enough to suit him—only up to $30. So he put the flag away for another time when the customers wouldn't be so stingy.

Some of the souvenirs, such as war clubs, are bought from the natives. "We can buy most anything from them with tobacco," said C. K. Dopierala MM3c of Detroit, Mich., one of the operators. "But what they like best is peroxide. It dyes their hair a reddish blond."

The happiest man at the bazaar is Pvt. Jimmy Cooper of Richmond, Va. He gets $4 a week from each of the operators to police the area around the booths. He works just 45 minutes a day at this. His pay comes to something more than $100 a week.

—Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Laundry While You Wait

A NINTH AIR FORCE SERVICE COMMAND UNIT, FRANCE—Your laundry washed, dried and returned within an hour is a service this unit boasts, thanks to a home-made washing machine designed by T-5 Fred T. Brown of Abilene, Kans., and T-5 Benjamin F. Warner of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Parts for the machine are of both enemy and Allied origin. A reclaimed German oil drum had a gaping hole in just the right place for the feeding door, and four blades were welded inside to help beat out the French mud. A motor to whirl the drum was obtained in more or less skeleton form from a salvage and reclamation depot, and salvaged parts made it run. The radiator was taken from a German staff car, the gas tank from a French half-track, exhaust pipes and muffler from an abandoned German ton-and-a-half, fuel lines from a Nazi light tank and axle and gears from an old French cider mill.

The drier consists of a small wooden shack and a 5-kw generator. A fan on the generator draws hot air off the motor and blows it out the radiator through a small wooden conduit into the shack. Wet clothes hung in the shack then dry like prunes in the sun.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Lonesome Wire Crew

ITALY—People who groan about officers and chicken will appreciate the set-up of one unit of a Negro Signal Construction Battalion here. Its 10 members live by themselves in a small Italian town and see an officer only once a week.

But the job itself is no gravy train. The men maintain all the phone wires running to the nearby Fifteenth Air Force bomber base, plus the wire lines that run above the gasoline pipes. And what with storms, farmers knocking over the low line poles with their carts and B-24s taking off with half a mile or so of wire they snag, the men have their hands full.

T/Sgt. Roy Pryor of Cleveland, Ohio, is boss of the unit. Pfc. Levi Whitehead of Miami, Fla., drives the line truck, and some of the trouble shooters are Cpl. Curtis Bizzer of Tallulah, La.; Cpl. Len Wells of Lockland, Ohio; Cpl. Marvin Harris of Tylertown, Miss., and Pfc. David Anderson of Brooklyn, N. Y. Over the door of their quarters they have a sign: THROUGH THESE PORTALS PASS THE BEST DAMN SIGNALMEN IN THE WORLD.

—Cpl. LEN ZINBERG
YANK Field Correspondent

Home-made Bowling Alley

ERITREA—A bowling alley is the last thing you would expect to find at this way station between civilization and the end of the world, but Cpl. Jimmy Garrow of Pittsburgh, Pa., had a brainstorm and civilian Oscar Biemmi had $18,000, and the result is the only set of alleys in Africa.

Helped by Lt. Nester Dourlet of Clarksburg, W. Va., the GI and the local civilian rented a building and then scoured the African countryside for wood and craftsmen to build the alleys. Many painful experiments and disappointments were necessary before the project was finished. Olive wood was found to be best for the pins and balls, and the flooring was of African ebony.

Now everybody is happy. Biemmi's $18,000 is coming back in large doses and the GIs stuck out here have something to do in their spare time.

—Cpl. SID KRAFTSOW
Stars & Stripes Correspondent

Reward

WITH A CARRIER TASK FORCE IN THE PACIFIC—Destroyers don't need an incentive to pick up flyers whose carrier planes have been forced down at sea, but they have one just the same.

After they ship the rescued pilot or crewman back to the carrier via breeches buoy, the canvas container usually comes back with enough ice cream for the entire destroyer crew. Destroyers don't have ice-cream plants and carriers do. So everybody is happy, even if the carrier crew has to do without the precious commodity for a while.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Who's Who?

IRAN, DESERT DISTRICT—There's probably no truth to this story, which is fortunate since basically there is nothing funny about life at the isolated outposts of Persia. Anyhow this is one of those "You'll be sorry" yarns they spring on all newcomers.

It seems that three soldiers were assigned to an isolated stop on the military railway and left there for many many months. At last they were brought back to what passes for civilization.

Oddly enough, they appeared unchanged by their extended and lonely service. They looked okay physically and they spoke rationally.

All went well until roll call, when they answered to one another's names.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Sweating Eskimo

PANAMA—Why the Army should ship an Eskimo to Panama is something T-4 Kenneth Minano cannot understand, especially since he is the Eskimo.

Minano, who was born in Coldfoot, Alaska, some 80 miles above the Arctic Circle, is now getting the hotfoot down here on the isthmus and is still bewildered by it all.

"I never dreamed I'd land down here," he says, with pardonable disbelief.

Minano tried to join the Paratroops but was disqualified because of a lack of teeth. He has a brother in the Paratroops in France and two others in the Infantry at Fort Benning, Ga.

Minano is not impressed by either the sunshine or the mosquitoes around here, claiming that there are more of both in Alaska. "In fact," he says, "the mosquitoes are so thick around Anchorage that they filter the sun's rays, making it impossible for an Eskimo to get a sunburn."

—Cpl. RICHARD W. DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Comics on the Air

NEW GUINEA—GIs here are kept posted on everything; each Sunday they get all the latest comics read over Station WVTB, the pride of Markham Valley.

Cpl. Al Cohen of Detroit, Mich., does the reading, with Pfc. Art Richards of Teaneck, N. J., holding the watch to see he doesn't run over and Cpl. Hamilton O'Hara to supply the sound effect of Dick Tracy getting his skull cracked.

Cpl. Cohen really throws himself into his work, snarling when he reads the villain, firm and manly when he's Tracy and pure falsetto for the females. The only thing that bothers him is that next week's installment may not arrive and he will have to get Flash Gordon off the planet Mongo all by himself.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Superfluous Worry

WITH THE 26TH DIVISION IN GERMANY—A captured German officer was watching the American battalion commander examine his personal papers. Suddenly the German leaned over and pointed at one document.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to have that back when you get through with it."

"Why?" the American officer asked.

"Well, I happen to be a Regular Army officer," the German said. "That paper is the only proof I have that my present rank is permanent. If I don't have that after the war, I'll have to go down two grades in rank."

—YANK Field Correspondent

HOME AGAIN. T-5 Felecisimo Fernandez landed in his native town of Santa Barbara, Luzon, after 20 years' absence in the U. S. and found his parents.

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Sweating It Out

When GIs are waiting to go up into the line, their talk doesn't always crackle with crisp drama like the dialogue in a war movie.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 9TH INFANTRY, 2D DIVISION—The shack was so low that none of the three could stand upright, and the smoke from the stove watered their eyes as they bent over the strap combat packs.

The smoke was pine smoke and it ignored the pipe of grapefruit-juice cans that stuck up from the stove—an ancient garbage container upended on a makeshift grate of iron bars. So the shack was filled with smoke that leaked out of any of a dozen openings between the boards—boards that formerly had been part of a *Jugend* barracks. Now they had become shelters in the deep snow of Bois d'Elsenborn, and the Infantry dug foxholes beneath them or used them to panel the cold walls of underground shelters that housed a small group of men who slept in them like rabbits in a warren.

This was the assembly area, and today the battalion was moving up to the line. It was 40 minutes until the time to saddle up. Inside the shack the three men worked on packs—overcoats, shelter halves, K rations, mess gear, writing paper. Always writing paper. Writing paper in each of the three packs.

"Here's your TNT, Oliver."

"Where in hell am I going to put it?"

"I'm putting mine in my gas mask," said a kid squad leader—20 years old and a pfc now but a staff sergeant when the records straighten out. "And they tell you in the States not to put stuff in your gas mask." He shook his head.

"I'll carry mine in my pocket," said Oliver. "Let a bullet hit that pocket and they'll never find me," he laughed. The oblong yellow can of explosive made a lump in his jacket which already bulged.

The kid sergeant was James Schuttleworth of Grafton, W. Va., in the Army for 16 months. He joined the 2d just past Vire. Oliver, recommended for sergeant and assistant squad leader, was Meredith Oliver of Indianapolis, Ind., one year in the Army and half of that in combat. Four days after he hit this side of the ocean he was fighting. "I came up to the company, dropped my pack in the road and started shooting," he said. Oliver has a wife and two children back in Indiana.

Schuttleworth and Oliver—now leaders of a seven-man squad of reinforcements—had been a BAR team. At the start of the Bulge fight they had supported a bazookaman who had knocked out three tanks, shot up a platoon of Germans, was finally wounded by a tank machine gun and had now been recommended for the DSC. That morning they had signed affidavits telling of the heroism, but if they themselves were to be awarded anything nobody had said so.

The third man worked his grenades into his pack straps, picked up his rifle, loaded a clip into it and was ready. He was Pfc. Leonard Tamachaski of Du Bois, Pa., who had spent 18 months in Greenland with an Infantry outfit hunting German radio installations. He came back to the States and got married, and three months later he was on his way over again. Now the three of them prepared to move—old men of an outfit that had fought hard and lost much in a few desperate days in December.

"How much time?"

"Half an hour."

Tamachaski settled himself by the fire, and the talk was of Greenland, as it must have been many times before. Greenland was colder than the snow and forests of Belgium, "but we didn't live like this." Tamachaski, a wiry little guy with very blue eyes, spoke of the boredom of six months on the tiny island, of the boredom within the Arctic Circle generally. Talk of boredom elsewhere relieved the boredom here—the waiting to move into the line.

Schuttleworth went outside and a moment later called back, "There's a new man out here."

Oliver was not interested.

Schuttleworth and the new man stood outside, and the kid squad leader asked questions. "Where's your pack?" The new man had left it where somebody had told him to leave it; he would have to go get it. "How about ammunition?" He had ammunition. Grenades? "No grenades," he said.

Tamachaski heard the new voice.

"Where you from?" he asked.

"Pennsylvania," said the new man.

"What place?"

The new man told him.

"Ever hear of Du Bois?" Tamachaski's voice climbed a note each word, and it was funny the way he couldn't believe this guy had never heard of Du Bois. Tamachaski was serious but his seriousness was absurd, and the other two laughed at him. Then he laughed at himself. "Hell," he said, "Du Bois is just 14 miles from where he lives, and he never heard of Du Bois—dumb son of a bitch."

And the new man stood silent, a little forlorn.

"What time is it?"

"Fifteen till."

"I'll go down and see about the squad." This was Schuttleworth, aware of his responsibilities. He walked through the snow, clumping through it in his arctics, past the place where yesterday a shell had hit. The snow was blackened by the burst, and the pattern of fragmentation was plain in the snow. He walked on down through the woods to a group of men who stood by the fire, and the fire was in the center of the dugout square where a shack had stood, half buried.

SCHUTTLEWORTH checked his men, but they already were under a spell. Shapiro—T/Sgt. Dave Shapiro of Brooklyn, N. Y.—was telling the new men about things. Shapiro, who had won the Silver Star in Normandy, was just back from the hospital: he had been hit by a German rifle grenade at Brest and he was telling about that.

"I'd turned around to tell the men to watch their flank when it hit me," he said. "It hit right behind me. I was yelling at the guys and I had my mouth open. The doc said a piece must have gone through my cheek and right out of my mouth because they couldn't find anything in there.

"Anyway, I didn't think I was hit very bad. I never knew the Medics' evacuation system was so fast, because I walked back to the aid station and next thing I knew I had bandages all over me, and then I was getting operated on.

"I remember I was laying on a table with nothing on but my shoes, reading the *Stars & Stripes*. And a nurse came in and laughed at me and said, 'If you could see yourself now.' Then they started to operate. I put away that *Stars & Stripes* right now, you can believe me."

The new men heard it all but were impassive. One kid still had his shipping number on his helmet: the chalk had not yet worn away. Shapiro talked of the new men to the few old men who were left, and the conversation was frank.

"It's good," said Shapiro, "that we've had this time to tell them how it is up there. Some of them listen; some of them don't. You have to raise hell with 'em. I had to raise hell the other night when that guy got shot with his own gun." Shapiro was indignant. "The guy hands another guy a loaded gun with the safety off."

The talk went to first reactions in combat. "I tell 'em," said Shapiro, "when they see a guy get it they just gotta think TS. I've seen my friends get it—we all have—and it's just TS. Sure, it bothers you, but what the hell can you do?"

This was veteran talk, but over by the fire where a group warmed themselves and got to know each other there was other talk.

"You shave this morning?"

"Sure, shave very morning."

A third voice came in. "I've shaved once since I've been in the Army," this voice offered. "I bet I'm the youngest guy here. I'm just 18."

BEHIND the fire sat another newly made noncom. In precise lettering he was listing the names of the men on his squad on a V-mail blank, bracketing them as riflemen, plain or fancy. He made a change and looked up.

"Hey, you." He was talking to a new man standing by the fire. "You take the rifle grenades."

"Oh, jeez," said the new grenadier, that was all.

A voice said, "What's that?"

A voice answered, proudly, "Don't you know what that is? It's a combination tool for a BAR."

"Oh, sure," said the first voice, mildly ashamed.

"How much time?"

"Should be now."

"Let's burn this wood." A man put a plank on the ground and tried to break it with his foot. The stomp sent yellow mud flying into the face of a man who had been sitting quietly by the fire.

"What the hell?" He rubbed his face with his sleeve. "You'd think I was wounded," he said, imagining spots on his face. "Already," he added.

There was talk and then there wasn't talk among the men at the fire.

There was talk of automobiles at home. "I had a Nash that was a hell of a nice job." There was a pause. Then, "I always thought Hudsons were pretty good cars." And the talk of gleaming cars was strange in the woods, foreign to everything around the fire. There was talk about the Russians, and the new men spoke of the Russian offensive with a certain eagerness. Then there was no talk at all from any of them.

It was past time.

Finally one man — the new grenadier — said rather loudly and to nobody in particular, "Come on, Russia."

A small guy came down a path through the snow, and when they saw him coming the old men started up and began to work into packs.

"Company runner," somebody said.

The runner spoke to Shapiro and then went back up the trail and Shapiro turned to the men who sat by the fire in mud and snow.

"Orders changed," announced Shapiro. "We don't move out till 8 o'clock tonight."

The big tech sergeant grinned and his breath blossomed in the cold.

"Make yourselves comfortable," he said.

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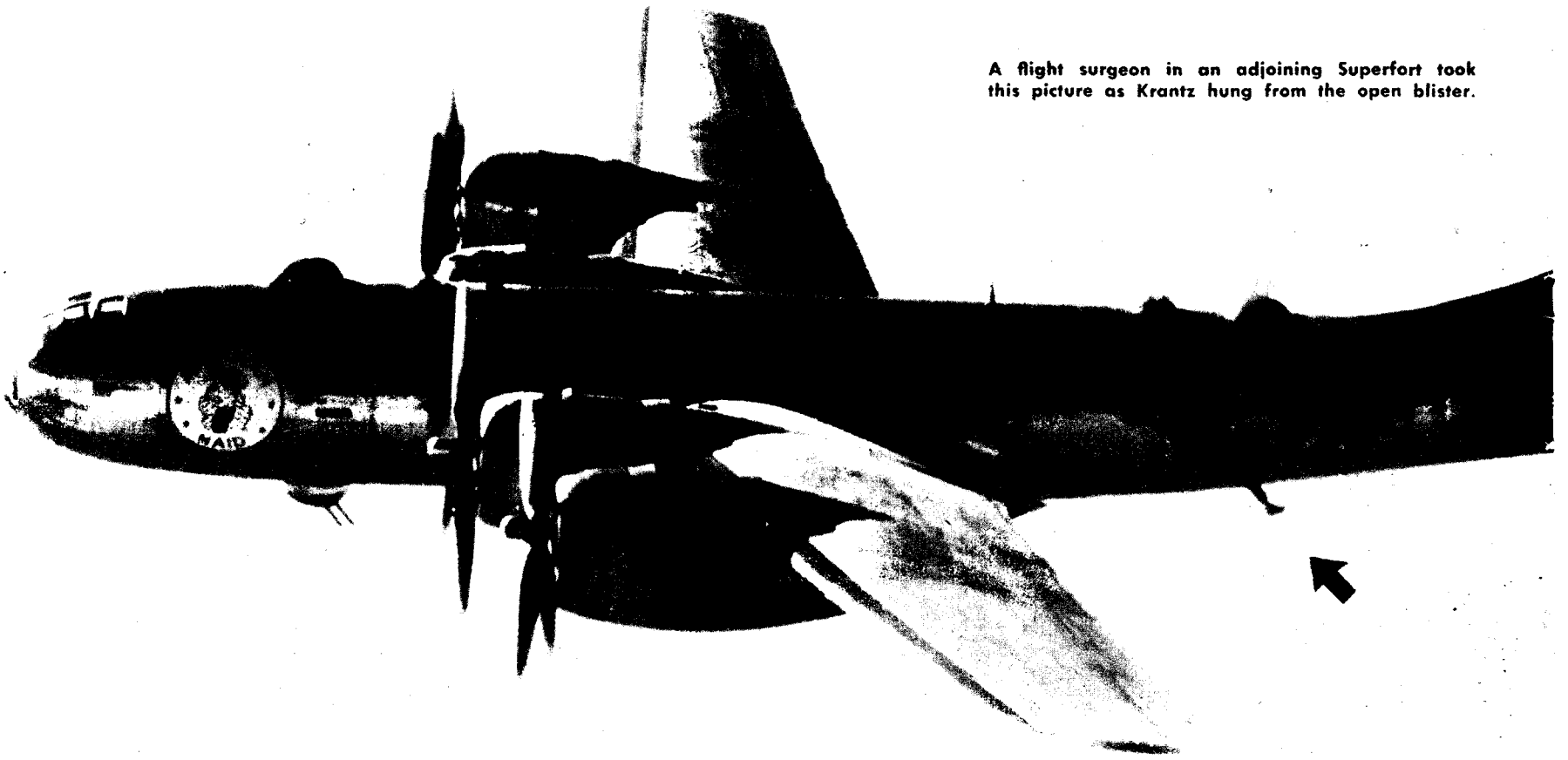

A flight surgeon in an adjoining Superfort took this picture as Krantz hung from the open blister.

Trapeze Act Over Japan

When his gunner's blister on a B-29 blew out almost six miles above Nagoya, Sgt. Krantz blew out too—but not all the way.

By Cpl. KNOX BURGER
YANK Field Correspondent

TWENTIETH AIR FORCE, PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS—In a war in which close shaves are practically SOP, the story of Sgt. Tim Krantz, a B-29 gunner from Hickory Point, Tenn., will go down as one of the narrowest escapes in the book. Krantz's gun blister blew out just after his ship, *American Maid*, had dropped bombs on Nagoya. Krantz went out with the blister—all the way out. He was saved by a harness he had devised himself in anticipation of just such an emergency. He was outside the ship for more than 10 minutes, almost six miles over Japan, and the temperature was 40 degrees below zero. After the first minute or so, he lost consciousness, his body, whipped by a 200-mile-per-hour wind, flogging the side of the fuselage. His oxygen mask was torn from his face as he passed out. He didn't have on winter flying clothes or a parachute.

It happened on the *Maid*'s third trip to Nagoya. On the first trip over the city, the No. 3 fan was torn from the engine and went spinning off into thin air, narrowly missing the fuselage. On the second, the top blister blew out. The top gunner, S/Sgt. Alvin K. Hart of Glendale, Calif., fell to the floor unconscious from lack of oxygen.

Krantz hadn't liked the idea of a blister blowing, particularly since the side blisters are bigger than the top blister—plenty big enough for a man to go through. He didn't have too much faith in the regular safety belt, so he set to work making one of his own. It consisted of a broad waistband with a double-thickness extension to the floor and two straps over the shoulders. On the morning of this mission, he had told the other crewmen that he hadn't had time to stitch the floor attachment the way he wanted to. They kidded him.

There were lots of fighters, and the *Maid* was "flying the diamond"—she was the tail ship in the formation. A few minutes before Krantz's blister blew, every gunner on the plane called fighters coming in from six directions practically simultaneously. Back in the tail, Sgt. Donald Wilson of Bringhurst, Ind., had credit for one enemy plane destroyed—an Irving. About two minutes after Wilson had seen the Irving go down, a Tony dove through the formation and got off a burst at the tail of the *Maid*. Wilson saw the glass in his window shatter, and felt a slight pain in his left hand. He was firing at two fighters hanging out at 6 o'clock, and didn't bother to look at the hand.

Just about this time—none of the crew members are positive of the chronology from here on in—Sgt. Dick Cook, 19-year-old right gunner from Erlanger, Ky., felt a whoosh of air behind him. He turned around. The left blister was gone; so was the gunsight and so was Krantz. He did a double take. This time he saw a foot hugged tight against the inside of the ship. He spoke into the interphone. It was out. Indicating the empty seat to the top gunner, he yanked off his oxygen mask and crawled over to the foot.

Hart, up in the top blister, looked down at the empty seat. "The first thing I thought of," he said later, "was the picture by Krantz's bed—the picture of his wife and kids." Already a white mist was filling the interior of the airplane. The people up front had felt the blister go, too. The sudden depressurization practically doubled them up in their seats.

Just then Wilson, back in the tail, glanced down at his hand. He had received a ring from his sister only the day before and he was very proud of it. The ring and the finger were gone. He pressed his interphone pedal. "Hey," he said, "my finger's shot off." There was a note of mild incredulity in his voice. "It's not bleeding." Then he turned his attention back to the Jap fighters.

In the waist, Cook leaned out of the open blister and was almost pulled through it by the tremendous slipstream. The buckle on Krantz's home-made floor harness had slipped, doubling the length of the extension. Cook managed to get his hand on Krantz's shoulder and pull. Then he ducked back into the waist to get oxygen.

"One of the last things I remember before I blacked out," says Krantz, "was feeling a hand on my shoulder. It felt good. I was glad someone was trying to help me get back in. When I first got out there, I looked down at Japan, and was glad I didn't have a chute. This way I'd never know when I hit. I don't think I was conscious for over two minutes. I tried to adjust my mask. Then I lost it. I tried to keep my leg in that hole. I knew I had to, so the guys could grab me. The gunsight was swinging on a cable just below the hole. I tried to get it between my legs and walk it backward—work back to where I could get my shoulder in the hole. The next thing I remember, I was fighting the guys off. They were trying to give me oxygen, and I was fighting as hard as when I was going out. They say you do the same thing coming to that you did going out."

In the ship flying alongside and a little ahead of *American Maid* was Capt. Guy T. Denton Jr. of Dallas, Tex., a flight surgeon. Before the flight he had been hastily checked out on the camera. "I was working it because I didn't have anything else to do. When I first saw Krantz, he was three-quarters of the way out of the blister. His ship had dropped down and swung up beneath us. As they pulled away, half a minute later, I saw Krantz. He was still conscious, trying to adjust his mask. I took three quick pictures."

The airplane commander, Lt. John D. Bartlett of Bozeman, Mont., had just sent the radio operator, S/Sgt. Robert Angell of East Dubuque, Ill., back to administer first aid to the tail gunner when Hart spoke over the interphone: "Somebody better get back here quick if you're going to save Krantz." Bartlett motioned to his co-pilot, 2d Lt. Frank Crowe of Baltimore, Md. The radio operator arrived back in the waist just ahead of Crowe. Angell's small-size walkaround bottle was used up, and he almost collapsed on the floor. He was handed another bottle. Then he reached out between Hart, who had climbed

CAUSE AND EFFECT

MOST compartments of the B-29, including the blisters, are pressurized for substratosphere flight. Technicians explain that the sudden depressurizing by shell fire will create immediate and terrific suction—suction sufficient to drag a man's body through the hole. This is what happened in the case of Sgt. Krantz.

This danger will always exist in pressurized planes. In early B-29s, the standard harness was unwieldy; some gunners wouldn't wear it while firing and thus were without protection. A new harness, hitching onto the gunner's back, has since been developed. It permits freedom of movement and, at the same time, will prevent the gunner from falling out, even though his blister is damaged by shellfire.

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Lying in the hospital after his narrow escape, Sgt. Tim Krantz looks at the picture showing him hanging outside the B-29. Holding the picture is Lt. Wittee. Left and right are S/Sgt. Hart and 2d Lt. Crowe.

On a hospital bunk Sgt. Donald Wilson B-29 tail gunner holds the bullet that tore off his finger

down from his blister, and the radio specialist, S/Sgt. Russell Strong of East Hampton, Conn., and gave a haul. He saw that there wasn't room for him to do any good, so he continued on back to the tail to see about Wilson.

Just as Crowe arrived in the waist, he saw Krantz's left foot go out of the plane. The single strap holding the gunner to the airplane was rubbing hard against a jagged edge of the plastic blister. Strong had to duck back into the plane for oxygen, so Crowe took his place. He reached out. The wind tore at his hand, whipping it against Krantz's back. He grabbed Krantz's shoulder holster strap and pulled; it broke. The holster and its contents flew back past the tail. Crowe then managed to get hold of a strap of the safety harness. He and Hart could see Krantz's face, covered with frozen blood from minor cuts he'd received as he went through the blister.

They finally got his head and shoulders inside. His eyes were half-open, showing only the whites of his eyeballs, and his eyebrows were thick with frost. Except for the blood, his face was oyster-white. They thought he was dead. Crowe slapped his mask on Krantz's face and turned the oxygen-flow indicator to "Emergency." Hart shared his own mask with Crowe as they worked to get the rest of Krantz's body into the ship. At first Crowe would wave the oxygen away. "You get the feeling you can take care of yourself," he says. Both of them passed out several times.

Krantz regained partial consciousness and tried to fight off the oxygen mask. Crowe thinks he heard him say, "My feet are cold."

When the blister blew out, a lot of oxygen had been lost. The ship was over water by this time, and there were no more fighters. Crowe called Lt. Bartlett and asked him to drop down to where they could breathe without oxygen, but the interphone he used was out. Up front they were worried about gasoline, and losing that much altitude would have been dangerous.

Krantz was still halfway out of the airplane, and the others were just about at the end of their rope when a large hand reached between Crowe and Hart and pulled Krantz the rest of the way in. The hand belonged to the bombardier, Lt. Harrison K. Wittee of Minonk, Ill.

Back in the tail, Angell had tapped Wilson on the foot. The tail-gunner came out of his little chamber and held up his left hand. "Look," he said. "No finger." Together they went up to the compartment behind the waist guns. It was pretty warm in there, and Wilson's hand began to hurt. Angell bandaged it and gave him morphine. "Go back and get my finger, will you?" asked Wilson. "I want to wave it at the crew chief when we get back."

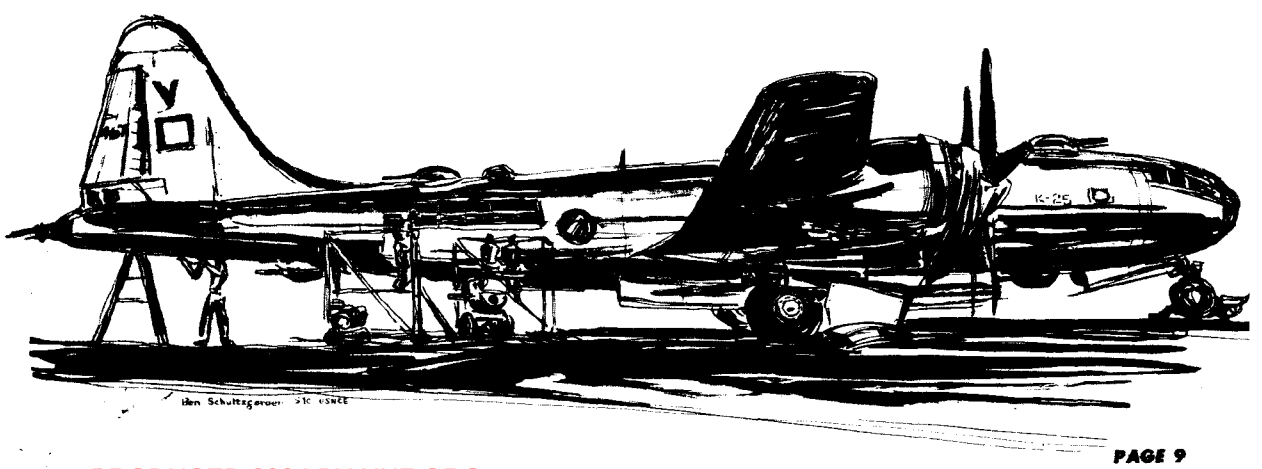
Carrying Krantz into the compartment, they gave him morphine and plasma to relieve shock. The floor was ankle deep in paper and bandages. When he came to he turned to Hart. "Al, do you ever pray?" he asked. "I prayed that if that blister broke, my belt would hold."

At this writing Krantz is in a hospital in Hawaii. His shoulder is bandaged up where he hit it as he knocked over the gunsight on the way out. Several fingers on his left hand are in bad shape from frostbite and other parts of his body are less seriously frostbitten.

They never found the ring, but they buried Wilson's finger up near *American Maid*'s hardstand, and the crew is hoping he can rejoin them. Krantz probably will never fly again. At that, to call him lucky is the height of understatement.

A few minutes ago Sgt. Cook walked through the quonset where I'm typing this. He looked at me and held up half a dozen thick straps.

"Yeah," he grinned. "Think I'll build me a harness."



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The Two Marys

By T Sgt. BEN AMAR

FRANCE—Lt. Boyd knew exactly what he was going to do about this particular letter from Sgt. Bill Ellow. He checked through his imagination for recriminations that might possibly come later, but he couldn't conceive of any.

Hell, he decided, he was doing exactly what a machine would do. A machine would have discovered no discrepancy and therefore couldn't have corrected any.

As a censor, the lieutenant felt, he was definitely a machine. He was a human photoelectric cell whose function was to see everything and remember nothing. An endless series of dull and labored letters came down an assembly line to him, passed across a photoelectric ray in his mind and then, if there was no censorable military information hidden in them, moved on down the line and away.

Even the business of spotting forbidden information had become routine and mechanical by this time. They were awkward and pitiful, these attempts to beat the machine that was the censor, and the lieutenant knew them all—the head-on plunge that began with "XQZJ LGMCK" or something like that; the one where the initial letters of paragraphs spelled out a word; the simple-minded method of spelling a word backward (although, he had to admit, the fellow who had Sirap on his French toast almost got by); the wretched sentence structure that invariably marked a letter as code. Except as minor affronts to his intellect, these things never bothered him.

This Bill Ellow business was an altogether different matter. It offended his sense of ethics. Strictly speaking, it was none of his damned business. There was nothing censorable in any of the letters, and he didn't know Sgt. Bill Ellow from Adam.

The business of this particular letter, though, was Ellow's doing. He himself, the lieutenant decided with a certain warm satisfaction, was only a machine.

LT. BOYD hadn't read many of Ellow's laboriously scrawled letters before he decided that the man was a Jekyll-and-Hyde. His letters always began with "Dear Mary" or "Dearest Mary," but from there on you never knew what to expect. One letter might be full of blowsy endearments; the next might suddenly break out into a harangue. The man was unpredictable.

Then one day there happened to be two letters to "Mary," and the whole thing was clear. The lieutenant felt a little foolish for not having figured it out before. He noticed for the first time that the addresses were different; that there were two Marys. The bad-tempered letters always began with "Dear Mary" and were addressed to Mrs. Mary Ellow. The "Dearest Mary" letters were a different proposition.

Lt. Boyd tried to feel tolerant about the whole thing. The guy had made an unhappy marriage, he told himself; lots of people made unhappy marriages. But the broad view wouldn't stick. Wearily but dutifully, he read and sealed and countersigned letter after letter from Ellow to the two Marys, Dear and Dearest. There was no military information in the letters, but they told a lot about Bill Ellow. They showed him up for a wrong guy from a way back.

One day the letter to Mrs. Ellow read: "I'm sending back the snapshots. I haven't got room for them as the CO says get rid of all personal junk." One of the pictures showed Mrs. Ellow—a small, neat blonde—with a tow-headed kid pulling at each hand. She was laughing at the camera. On the back of the picture it said, "Just for you, Bill darling. May 24." In the same letter Ellow asked her for 20 bucks. "I'm busted," he said, "and just can't make out. See if you can't get it from your dad."

The next day's letter was to the other Mary. Ellow was in a reminiscent mood, recalling some stolen gaiety "when the wife thought I was at the convention." There was more, and all of it was intimate and embarrassing. This Mary, unlike the little blond wife, was no fool, it seemed. Ellow had enclosed in her letter a $10 money order "that you asked for. Not much, honey but the best I can do at this time."

Lt. Boyd tried to get the whole degrading business off his mind, but he found it impossible. It would have been easier if he could have talked to someone about it, but he was pledged to a censor's secrecy, so even that was out. Ellow's duplicity grew with each letter he wrote, and the lieutenant grew hotter and hotter under the collar as each new letter came in.

A week ago there had been an especially revolting letter from Ellow to his wife. "Thanks hon for the $20 although it is not near enough. I got more expenses than you realize what with the allotment being taken out and all. Maybe you could hit the old man again. . . . So Davey had pneumonia. Hope the hospital bill wasn't so big that you're broke as I absolutely can't help you any. You know that." There was not another word about the child. Lt. Boyd gritted his teeth and went outside to breathe fresh air.

That was how the matter had stood until today.

SICK as he was of reading letters, the lieutenant had picked up the latest from Sgt. Ellow and begun reading it with his usual revulsion.

"Dearest Mary," it said. "Am enclosing money order for 35 bucks. You Know Who finally came thru with another 20. Boy, did I sweat that one out. Don't see how I could of sent you anything this month without that. I really made a killing last nite with that roll. I was really hot. Well, her old man hasn't got anything to do with his money anyway, and I know what I'm going to do with this. Baby, I saw the swellest little article for you—black lace thing, lace all the way down the front the way we like it. It was in a place off the main drag, and they probably had it hid so Jerry couldn't find it. Anyway today I went down and got this negleyjay as they call it. Honey, wait till you see it. When you get it I want you to get a full-length picture taken with you filling it up, and baby how you'll fill it up. I can see you in it now. I got a space all saved for it when you send it. Baby what a pin-up!!!! Leave a little leg out honey and kind of half close your eyes. I want to hear these guys pant."

Suddenly, brusquely, Lt. Boyd stopped reading. He refolded the letter in its original creases, stuck it back into the envelope, sealed it and signed the lower left-hand corner.

It was then that he saw Ellow's absent-minded slip-up and knew that the whole disgusting business would soon be over. Lt. Boyd took another fond look at the envelope and sighed happily as he laid it in the box with the other outgoing mail.

It was addressed to Mrs. Mary Ellow.

By Pvt. TOM HANNEBY

"She says her mother won't let her go out with Yanks."

"I was a fool to leave the Pacific!"

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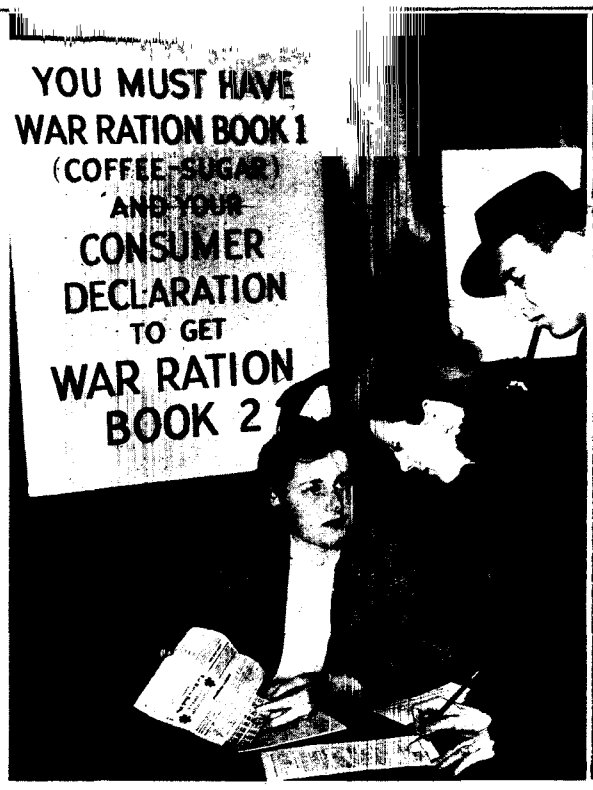

When processed and canned foods first went on the ration list housewives had to go to their registration boards and make out an application for their books.

As meat supplies decrease, markets are sometimes left with bare shelves. These two ladies had to be satisfied with a lonely chop on their shopping tour.

In order to get her groceries this buyer has to tear out blue and red stamps, representing points, from her ration book, besides paying for what she buys.

How Are They Eating in the U. S.?

Shoppers in the corner grocery have to worry about red points and ration stamps, but America still sets a pretty good table.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

THE day when Momma asked Poppa what he would like to have for dinner is gone; Poppa will take what Momma can get, because what Poppa wants the butcher, the baker and the grocer most likely haven't got.

Scarcities of all sorts of food—meats, dairy products and canned goods—develop from time to time and from place to place for a variety of reasons, but generally the stores have substitutes for the scarce items.

When the better grades of beef are not available, the butcher shops usually have cheaper cuts of utility meats, pork and beef by-products (hearts, kidneys, tripe, liver, etc.) and fowl and rabbit. And even though there may not be much butter around, there's always plenty of oleomargarine, which nutritionists say is just as good a food.

Some of the more important reasons for recurrent scarcities are the demands of the armed forces, lend-lease and the transportation problem. For several weeks New York City got much less than its usual quota of meat because the packers in the Middle West saw no reason to cut down their margin of profit by adding shipping costs from Chicago when they could sell all the meat they had on hand right in the Chicago area.

When coffee was scarce, it was because vessels for South and Central America could not be spared from the more vital trans-Atlantic shipments of men and materiel. It was lack of transportation that caused the sugar shortage early in the war. This bug was ironed out to some extent by establishing a barge line from Cuba to Port Everglades, Fla., but sugar is still not plentiful in some sections.

Rationing, which is simply an effort to make a fair amount of food available to everybody in the country, regardless of income or place of residence, got started on May 5, 1942. Sugar was the first rationed item. Coffee was next, in November 1942, and processed and canned foods were added to the ration list on Mar. 1, 1943. Meats and fats were rationed 28 days later.

The Office of Price Administration, headed by Chester Bowles, decides what foods shall be rationed and places a point value on each item. The point values are changed from time to time in accordance with available supplies. Last summer, for instance, when there was plenty of meat around, all meats with the exception of steak and roasts were taken off the ration list. Later, when supplies became scarcer, all meats were rationed again. Red points are used for meats, some dairy products, oils and canned fish; blue points for canned fruits, vegetables and juices.

Housewives find they can't make out a shopping list before they go to the stores or make up menus before they see what the stores have to sell. If they do make out shopping lists, they have to put down one or more alternates for every item they want. Generally, too, they have to go from store to store before they can get what they need. And it's almost impossible for women to do all their week's shopping in one day, as many of them used to do. The additional time spent in shopping is particularly tough on women with children and on married women who work in war plants.

Although meat is many times harder to get than it was in peacetime, Americans are eating more of it than before the war. Per capita consumption of meat averaged 126 pounds between 1935 and 1939; last year per capita consumption was somewhere between 140 and 145 pounds. One of the reasons for scarcities is that many families now have enough money to demand food of good quality; on the whole, people are eating better-grade foods than ever before. Experts in the nutrition field, however, say that the nation isn't eating too much.

In general, restaurants seem able to serve more of the scarce items, like meats, than most housewives, whatever their income, can obtain. But restaurants offering lamb chops, say, often have to cross this item off the menu soon after their doors open. The restaurant supply, in short, is limited. And restaurants, probably because people weary of the relative lack of variety of home-prepared meals, are invariably crowded.

Here, allowing for local fluctuations and unforeseen difficulties, is what the War Food Administration and the OPA think the food situation will be like during the first part of 1945:

Meats. Supplies of pork will decrease considerably, and there will probably be less beef available than there was in 1944. The beef supply will be about what it was in 1935-39. There may be as much veal as there was last year, when consumption was comparatively high, but not any more. No change is expected in the stocks of lamb and mutton. In general, the supply will allow for 10-15 pounds less meat for each person than last year, but there should still be more meat available for the civilian population as a whole than there was before the war.

The War Food Administration, the Fishery Council and other Government and private agencies are trying to get people to eat more fish in order to take the heat off meat. They are publicizing such little-known fish as rosefish, croakers, hake and scup. Sea-food restaurants offer something called "sea squab." Any fool knows there are no more squabs in the sea than there are trout on land. "Sea squabs" are really blowfish tails, but restaurant men say nobody would eat them if they were called by their right name.

Vegetables. There will be plentiful supplies of fresh, frozen and canned vegetables and fruits, a great deal coming from home Victory Gardens. One of the contributory causes of the present sugar shortage was the great volume of stuff produced in the home gardens. When harvest time came in the Victory Gardens, people needed sugar to can and bottle the fruits and vegetables so the OPA had to give them larger supplies of the sweetening.

Eggs and Poultry. For civilians there will be plenty of eggs and a good supply of chicken, although the armed forces are going to get more chicken, in more ways than one.

Coffee. Supplies are plentiful and food experts think there will be enough coffee to equal the 15-pound per capita consumption of 1944. That, incidentally, was a record.

Canned Stuff. The armed forces are taking most of the stocks of canned fish, and the civilian supply will be smaller than ever. Government war agencies are now taking a larger supply of canned meats, leaving less for civilian stores. Supplies of canned fruit juices are expected to be adequate.

Candy. Supplies are short, with the armed forces getting almost the entire production of the better-known chocolate candy bars like Hersheys and Nestles. The candies on the market for civilians are nowhere nearly so good, and the manufacturers, who don't want to be identified with them after the war, have given them new names.

The OPA feels that rationing and ceiling prices have given civilian consumers a better break than they got in the last war. In 1917 a pound of bread cost 6 cents; by the end of the war the price had jumped to 12 cents. The price of steak rose from 24 to 45 cents a pound, ham from 27 to 60 cents, butter from 34 to 78 cents. This time, although the over-all figures for food prices show an increase of 47 percent for the period from August 1939 through December 1944, according to the Department of Labor, they don't match the increase of 90.7 percent for a comparable period in the last war.

Ceiling prices on foodstuffs and the efforts made to see that those ceilings aren't blown off are the main reasons, the OPA claims, why prices haven't risen more than they have.

More than 91,000 volunteers work in 5,500 War Price and Rationing Boards throughout the country, nearly 25,000 other volunteers work on more than 5,000 price panels, and more than 41,000 persons help them check on the prices charged by retail stores.

There are black markets all right, but here is what the OPA says is a fair over-all view:

"You hear much of black markets here at home; of chiseling, sharp practice and dishonesty. These things exist, of course. They always have, and they always will. But again and again, in every crisis the nation has known, the American people as a whole have risen superior to individual greed and avarice."

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THIS AIR VIEW OF A TOWN IN WESTERN LUZON WAS TAKEN FROM A PIPER CUB AS AMERICAN JEEPS AND TRUCKS WERE PASSING THROUGH.

FOUR INFANTRYMEN WALK AROUND WHAT WAR HAS LEFT OF AN OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LINGAYEN. THESE ROOFLESS, SHELL-TORN WALLS WERE FIRST BUILT SOME 400 YEARS AGO.

PVT. HARVEY RICHEY OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH., FOUND A NEW WAY TO ENJOY SIGHTSEEING. HE TOOK OVER A PONY THE JAPS HAD LEFT BEHIND.

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FILIPINOS HELP THE ARMY BUILD ROADS, BRIDGES AND AIRFIELDS. THE NATIVE AT THE LEFT LENDS A HAND TO GI ENGINEERS LAYING A SECTION OF MATTING ON AN AIRSTRIP.

DURING THE ADVANCE AN 81-MM MORTAR CREW LETS OFF A BLAST AGAINST ENEMY CONCENTRATIONS. THEIR RANGE WAS 2,100 YARDS AWAY FROM THE JAPS.

YANKS IN

pictures as American forces were
a cross section of what GIs were
the Japs retreated before them.

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ALLIED FORCES IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC, TAKES A WALKING TOUR AROUND A TOWN IN LUZON.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN DUGAPAN FILIPINO GUERRILLAS AND TOWNSMEN PUT ON A PARADE FOR THE YANKS. THIS BOY CARRIED A BANNER WITH A WELCOMING SIGN.

UNDER A SIGN DRAWN BY NATIVES ON A DOOR, TWO TIRED INFANTRYMEN TAKE A SHORT BREAK. THEY ARE PVTS. JOSEPH FRENETTE AND ELMER GARREN.

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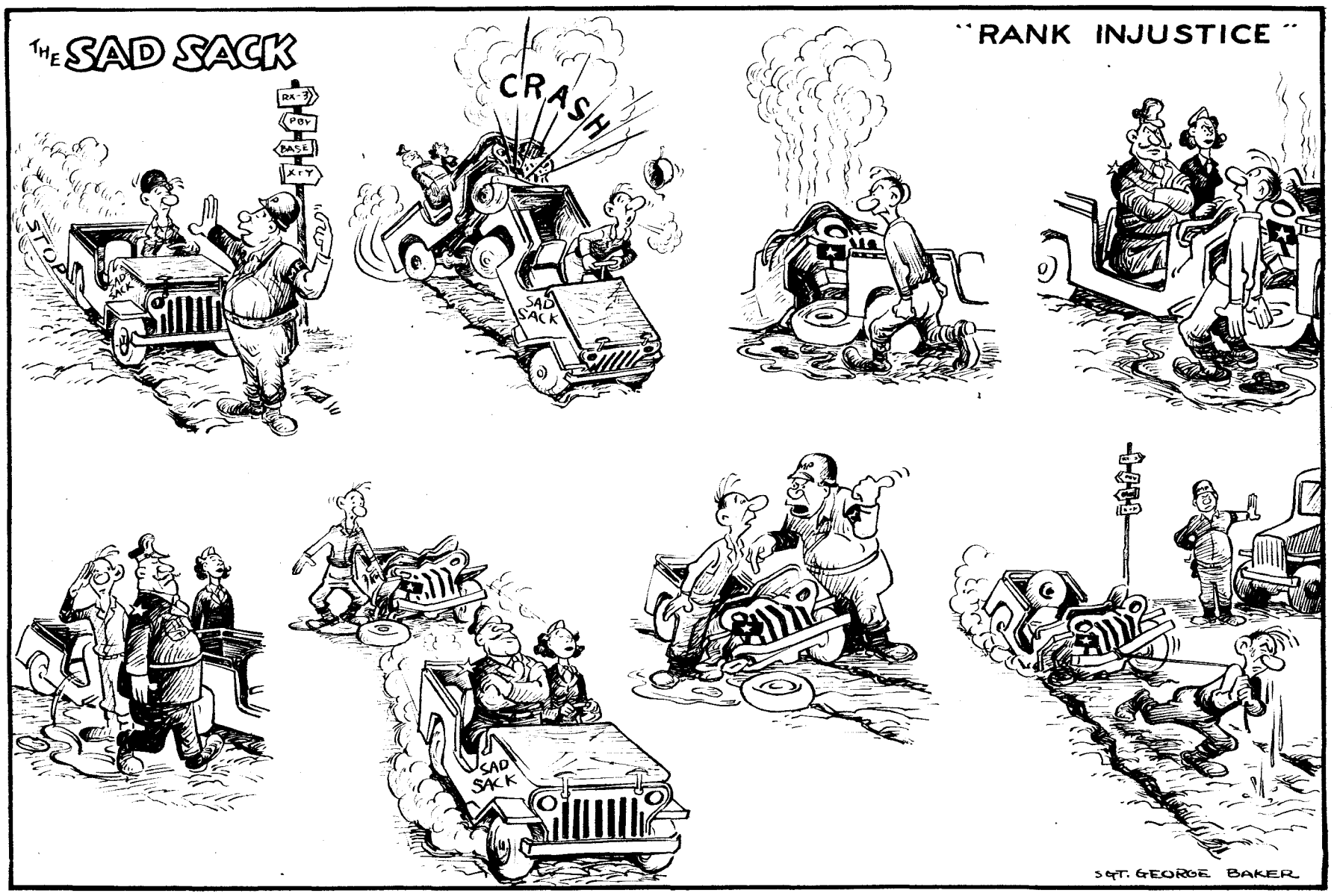

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Double Trouble

Dear YANK:

I got married in Ohio in 1932, and we had three boys. The wife and I couldn't get along, so in 1937 we got a divorce whereby I had to pay $50-a-month alimony. In 1938 I fell in love with a girl in Missouri and married her later that year. We also have three children and get along fine. In 1942 I was drafted, so I stopped paying alimony to my first wife and made the allotments out to my second wife and children.

My first wife raised hell because I didn't allow her any money. So to cool things down I had my second wife rent a seven-room house, and all of them are living together. Things were going fine until six months ago; now my first wife is demanding I make all my insurance out to her. I hear she is chasing around with a 4-F, and she isn't satisfied living with my second wife; she thinks I ought to rent another house for her.

I talked to my CO about it and he said for me to see the chaplain. I went to see the chaplain, and he said he didn't know how the laws of Ohio and Missouri were about marriages and referred me to the Personal Affairs officer. He referred me to someone in the rear echelon. I do not have time to be going here and there.

Are there any ARs where I can put her (my first wife) into another house and give her a little money to keep her quiet?

Belgium —(Name Withheld)

■ Both of your wives and their respective children are entitled to Class A allowances from the Office of Dependency Benefits. Either you or your first wife can apply for the additional allotment. When the application is OK'd, your first wife will receive a total of $107 a month; your second wife will get $115 a month. The ODB arrives at these figures in this way: Your divorced wife gets $42 for herself under the alimony decree, plus $65 for the three children. Your present wife gets $50, plus $65 for your other three children. While the law provides that the first child shall get $30 and all others $20 each, the ODB simply pools all the money for the kids and divides it up among them.

Home in Canada

Dear YANK:

I am a Canadian citizen and have been in your Army for almost four years now. When I get out of service I am planning to borrow some money to buy a home. What I'd like to know is whether a noncitizen can take advantage of the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and whether I can use the money to buy a home in Canada?

India —T/Sgt. JAMES HILL

■ All the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are available to veterans without regard to their citizenship status. However, you cannot get a loan guarantee under the GI Bill of Rights if the money is to be used to buy real estate located outside the U. S., its territories or possessions.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

I was wounded and received the Purple Heart. Is it true that I will get additional mustering-out pay because I received the Purple Heart?

Italy —Pfc. ROBERT LUPIN

■ No. The Purple Heart does *not* entitle its wearer to additional mustering-out pay. Mustering-out pay is determined by length and place of service only. GIs with less than 60 days of service get $100; those who served only in the States and who had more than 60 days of service get $200; those who served over 60 days and had overseas service get the maximum of $300.

Navy Hats

Dear YANK:

An officer who was giving us the works about how to wear that Navy uniform instructed us to wear our hats square on our heads. While he was instructing us he had the hat at a 45-degree angle. He also brought the hat down to his side on uncovering. We were trained that a hat is squared resting one-quarter inch above the eyebrow and not at an angle. When uncovering (as I get it) you place the hat over the heart. Who is right, we enlisted men or the gold braid?

Pacific —(Name Withheld)

■ The regulations for a squared hat specify that it be worn about a quarter inch above the eyebrow and with no rakish angle. But the angle—and everything else, for that matter—is at the discretion of the inspecting officer. If he wants an

angle, he'll have it. So, for what good it will do you, you are probably right. Of course, 45 degrees would probably bring the hat down over one ear. But you are wrong about uncovering. Holding the hat over the heart is strictly a civilian custom. In the Navy the hat is brought down to the side when you uncover.

Overseas Bar

Dear YANK:

We have been having all kinds of arguments about the new overseas bars. Some guys say they can only be worn on the blouse, others say they can be worn on the overcoat and now a few guys have even shown up with bars on their fatigues. Where should they be worn?

Iran —S/Sgt. STUART KRINKLEY

■ According to WD Cir. No. 41 (2 Feb. 1945), the overseas bars should be worn only on the following: the service coat (blouse), winter and summer shirt, field jacket, work clothing and special suits or jackets.

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CAMP NEWS

A SPAR'S DREAM. At a "mustering-out day" fashion show in Washington, D. C., Coast Guard Spars stationed there blink at a wedding dress of the future modeled by Lorraine Carlson.

GI SKI ACE. Cpl. Ralph DesRoches does a "gelandesprung" in a shower of snow. He instructs veterans returning from overseas at the Lake Placid Club Redistribution Station, N. Y.

A SELLING TEAM. Hollywood star Ingrid Bergman helped these Fort Snelling (Minn.) GIs with a War Bond-selling show in Minneapolis, by putting over some of the vocal numbers.

Drafted by the Cops

Redistribution Center, Miami Beach, Fla. — Cpl. Baltzer Pisak, a mechanic in the Ordnance motor-repair shop here, is occasionally called upon by the Miami Beach Police Department for a demonstration of his talent. Cpl. Pisak is an accomplished underwater swimmer.

In his most recent performance, Pisak dived twice to a stolen half-ton truck submerged off the south end of Alton Road and broke open its doors to make sure no one was trapped inside.

He was called on last July to dive under the beams of the MacArthur Causeway to recover the body of a drowned merchant seaman, a task which strong currents made difficult.

Pisak developed his diving skill back home in Hazleton, Pa., where he used to go into flooded coal mines to retrieve sunken diamond drills.

Reunited at Separation Center

Separation Center, Fort Dix, N. J.—Two groups arrived here for separation within a half hour of each other, one composed of 24 men from Fort MacArthur, Calif., and another of 15 men from Fort Knox, Ky. In checking the names, it was noticed that both groups had a soldier named Bronti. Investigation revealed that the two GIs were brothers. They hadn't seen each other in three years, and they had been at POEs on opposite shores of the continent when adjudged eligible for discharge.

The two brothers — Dominic and Joseph T. Bronti of South Philadelphia, Pa.—were billeted in the same barracks during their stay here and went home together to a mother who was under the impression that they were both on their way overseas.

—Pvt. MAX LEAVITT

Oklahoma, First Hand

Fort Sill, Okla.—"I'd been singing about Oklahoma for months," says Pvt. Billie Stern, Battery D, 30th Battalion, "but the first I saw of it was when I arrived here."

Stern went from amateur nights and night clubs to singing roles in Broadway musical shows, and before he was inducted at Fort Dix, N. J., last December, he was singing in "Oklahoma!" He began his career at 14 as a boy soprano, winning amateur-night contests in Boston, Mass., his native city. From amateur nights it was a logical step to radio and within a few years he was warbling, in a deeper voice of course, with name dance bands, including Harry James'. He also appeared in such well-known night clubs as Chicago's 606 and New York's Latin Quarter.

Stern got his first break on Broadway when Michael Todd put him in "Star and Garter." Then he moved into another Todd production, "Mexican Hayride," where he made a personal hit singing "I Love You." That brought the bid to sing in "Oklahoma!", the Theater Guild production that seems destined to run forever.

Now that he's Pvt. Stern, Bill thinks maybe he will avoid one major nuisance—the people who say, "Oh, yes, Bill Stern. I've listened to all your fight broadcasts." Pvt. Bill Stern can't help wondering whether Bill Stern, the sports announcer, is ever annoyed by folks who say, "Oh, yes, of course. I've heard you in 'Oklahoma!' "

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Lee, Va.—Mary and her little lamb had nothing on Sgt. Pat Cullen of Westbury, L. I. Pat, the camp stable sergeant, has a horse that follows him around all the time. The horse was the favorite of the former camp commander but now looks to Pat for his lumps of sugar and caresses.

Overseas Replacement Depot, Kearns, Utah.—While Maj. Eugene L. Hill was serving as officer of the day, a resident of Salt Lake City called and said her son Harry was coming home after 26 months in the Pacific. "But one thing worries me," she said. "He says that he's coming home with a hashmark. Is that serious?"

Keesler Field, Miss.—As the first term of Keesler's new Educational Center drew to a close, soldiers of this AAF Training Command base were invited to enroll for the second term of off-duty study, in which high-school and college credits are given. More than 500 men were enrolled in the first term. The courses range from spoken languages and mathematics to music appreciation.

Finney General Hospital, Thomasville, Ga.—The movie was "Arsenic and Old Lace," starring Cary Grant, and were the patients surprised when the lights went on and there sitting in the back row was Cary Grant himself. "That's the first time, believe me, I've ever seen that picture," Grant told the patients as they gathered around him for autographs, "and I had to come in for the last 10 minutes."

Camp Carson, Colo.—A GI on pass decided to attend one of the free refreshment periods at the Hebrew USO Canteen at Temple Emanuel in Denver. Entering the synagogue where 700 Jewish servicemen and women had gathered, he noticed others writing their names on slips of paper and depositing them in a box at the entrance, so he did the same. A few minutes later the rabbi stood up and announced: "The winner of today's free telephone call to his home is" —he stopped for a moment to look at the slip again and then continued—"Sgt. Francis Patrick O'Connell of Newport, R. I."

1st Sgt. Farrow talks to a GI from overseas.

Never a Dull Moment For This Top Kick

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—One of the busiest top kicks in the AAF is 1st Sgt. Frank Farrow, whose orderly room is in the Ambassador Hotel, headquarters for enlisted men returning from overseas duty.

Without doing any breeze-batting, Farrow talks to an average of 100 returnees during his 12-hour tour of duty. He straightens them out on their new assignments, classifications, domestic problems, flying time overseas, pay troubles, clothing shortages and insurance. He handles their delinquency reports before they go before the Old Man, he makes sure they get to their processing appointments on time, and he listens to all kinds of excuses for emergency passes and furloughs. Meanwhile he answers the phone and tries to find sons, husbands, brothers and cousins for relatives who telephone long distance to GIs stationed here.

Farrow has charge of 113 permanent-party EM. He's responsible for their taking PT and has to pull four monthly inspections on them. And he supervises and teaches in an NCO school he organized. He has five hashmarks, and his records show service in China and the Philippines. Before he came to the AAF he was in the Engineers and the Infantry, and he has held jobs from bugler to demolition NCO.

Asked about getting out when the war is over, Farrow replied: "You kidding? I love the Army. I'm a 30-year man if you ever saw one."

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Plans are already afoot to put these battlefield devices to work in everyday life on the home front.

Tomorrow's Telephone

Peacetime applications of GI portable communications equipment will help keep civilians in touch with their homes and offices.

By Sgt. GEORG MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

THERE are jobs waiting in the post-war world for your old combat friends—the walkie-talkie, the handie-talkie and the tank intercom. Civilians are already eager to put these battlefield devices to peacetime use, and after some hesitation the Federal Communications Commission has told the big telephone outfits they can prepare to peddle "general mobile telephone service" after the war.

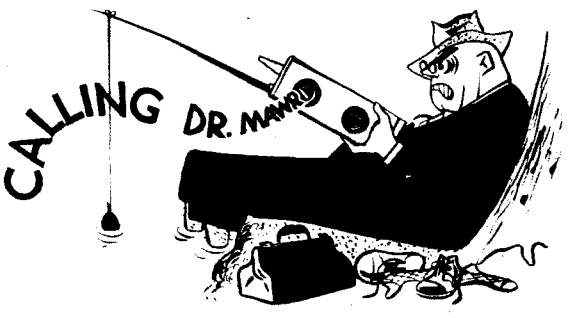
The Bell Telephone Company, which would like to sell or rent and install radiophone equipment for New York City's 500 ambulances, 100,000 commercial delivery jobs and 20,000 cabs and busses, thinks that before 1955 at least 10,000 vehicles will have mobile transmitter-receivers.

The Bell engineers have made with the slide rule and figured that office-to-truck or dispatcher-to-cab communications would save enough in fuel, wear-and-tear on tires and dead mileage to pay off quickly the $500 equipment cost (that's the present price; it's expected to come down later) and toll charges on calls.

If the FCC were moving as fast as Bell thinks it should, there would soon be a land-line relay station every 17½ miles on main highways. By dialing central and giving the approximate position of your company's truck, you would be able to talk to the driver and tell him that Mrs. McDade in Hoboken wanted only one case instead of two, and please come back by way of Yonkers and try to shuck off the extra on Old Man Peebles. Your voice would travel by standard telephone line to the relay station closest to the truck and then spray out via radio waves to the driver's receiver.

The telephone people see special value to physicians in this kind of communications service. They say the mobile phone will enable Doc Jones to start out on his rounds in the morning and keep in touch with his nurse back in the office at all times, in case of emergency calls. The FCC doesn't share Bell's enthusiasm, probably having a sneaking sympathy for the harried big-city sawbones who in pre-war non-intercom days was able to duck out to sun himself on a park bench or go for a furtive drive to Blue Creek for a half-hour of fishing.

If Bell has its way, Doc will be a gone gosling.



If he rips the phone out of his car or stealthily tosses his handie-talkie on a Salvation Army tambourine, Nurse can still send out a book message, or general alarm: "Call for Dr. Maw-riss. Wearing a pin-stripe suit and a blue tie with potassium permanganate spots. Look for him. He is want-ted in sur-jurry." Then somebody else with a handie-talkie can be counted on to spot the doctor and turn him in to his patients.

There are 15,000 doctors in New York City alone, and there and in Boston this mobile telephone arrangement is already in operation on a limited experimental and emergency basis. If the idea catches on, Bell foresees the post-war day when doctors in many cities will be demanding the service. The company also proudly reports that several large business concerns in various parts of the country have written to say that they hope to see this mobile phone stuff in operation.

For several reasons, however, it hasn't been easy for Bell's engineers to sell the FCC on the idea. The commission has felt that the additional aid to communications was planned almost entirely for large metropolitan areas without regard for the greater needs of rural and remote regions. But the big rub is technical.

Wartime advances in electronics have opened up a lot more space in the radio spectrum, but when it comes to passing out frequency allocations to standard broadcast, FM, television, police calls, aviation communications, coastal radiophones, etc., the FCC is still somewhat in the position of the manager of a 100-room hotel trying to satisfy 1,000 would-be guests.

One factor that helped persuade the FCC to allocate space to the telephone people was the belief that servicemen returning to civilian life would be used to handie-talkies and such.

"That's one of the things that is going to give us the biggest headache," said Lawrence L. Fly, then FCC chairman, at a hearing called to hash over allocations of radio frequencies for post-war broadcasting. "Those fellows are coming back from abroad thinking they are going to have radio communications in their vest pockets."

"I feel," spoke up F. M. Ryan, radio engineer for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, "that a lot of our men in the service who have experienced the utility of radio in mobile situations abroad will be rather surprised not to find the same convenience over here."

That did it. Or, at any rate, Mr. Ryan's crack about the surprised and presumably indignant veteran seems to have helped spur the FCC to set aside 31 channels for "mobile situations." The FCC, however, didn't go all the way with the telephone industry, which had asked not for 31 channels but for 200.

Under the FCC's ruling, several frequencies were specifically assigned to something called the Citizens' Radio Service, which is to occupy a space in the broadcast spectrum reserved for the "general mobile telephone" experiment. As we get it, this service will eventually handle things like enabling a farmer to call in the hired hand from the plow without resorting to the banging-on-the-dishpan method of signaling. The hired hand is presumably to carry a transmitter-receiver about the size of a plug of chewing tobacco in his hip pocket.

The assignment of even 31 frequencies was plainly regarded by the FCC as a major concession to the spirit of Buck Rogers. Chairman Fly, for example, made it clear that he was not convinced that the need for vehicular telephones and personal handie-talkies was important or urgent enough to justify the use of valuable radio frequencies, particularly in cities where there's a drug store with a pay booth on every other corner. To one engineer who kept harping on the convenience of mobile communications, Fly said: "I'm not talking about *convenience*. I'm talking about *urgent need*."

"Well, we can get along without bathtubs, you know," the engineer said.

To which the chairman replied, perhaps too hastily, "A lot of people do."

Apparently this retort caused all the FCC men to look at each other and turn a little pink, because soon afterward they dug up those frequencies for the telephone people to play around with.

". . . the utility of radio in mobile situations."

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Night Patrol in Italy

It's a job for silent footwork and soft breathing and perfect timing behind the Jerry lines.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, ITALY—*"The front in Italy was quiet again last night; a 30-man night patrol appeared in the Mount Grande area. . . ."*—COMMUNIQUE.

Twenty-two men in the small beamed-ceiling room in a building somewhere on the Fifth Army front pick up three grenades apiece from the stack on a chair. Five of them, with slight coughs, suck on pills to clear their throats. The men clean, kerosene, test and retest the 10 rifles, three BARs, three tommies and five carbines they are taking. One BAR, too stiff, is discarded.

Each man quickly studies a crude sketch of Kraut positions across the river. One GI grumbles about "wading through ice." A hard-jawed private checks to see that his hand grenade will not get caught; another private moves his head slowly under his parka hood to note any telltale rustling.

Lt. Russell McKelvey, 27-year-old patrol leader from Houston, Tex.,—a DSC man who got a battlefield commission three months ago—comes straight to the point. Their job, he says, is to bring back a Kraut for questioning. Reconnaissance has spotted a couple of Krauts in a machine-gun position some 600 yards inside the Jerry lines, and the patrol is to get in and grab one—or both.

"When you get there you're gonna go in shooting like hell—and you're getting out fast," McKelvey says.

The members of the patrol are battle veterans of the 91st Division, and all but four have Purple Hearts; two have three apiece. There are eight DSCs, Silver Stars and Bronze Stars, and every man wears the Combat Infantryman Badge. Patrols for these men are an old and dirty story, and they make cautious preparations for the night raid. They are hard-bitten guys, but they don't like going out on patrol.

"We'd rather make a front attack against that hill than go on patrol out there," says T/Sgt. Elmer J. Klobe, a Bronze Star and Purple Heart veteran, who is the assistant patrol leader. A GI who is staying behind says he'll have a nice fire blazing to warm them up when they return.

"Don't bother," one of the patrol replies. "If I come back I'll just sit up all night and sing."

The chaplain gives communion to both Catholics and Protestants, and most of the patrol is present to receive it. There is some joking afterward, but it is pretty brief. A BAR man with thick-lensed glasses gets his gun, and someone cracks, "Hey, I thought you were goin' home on discharge?"

Each man puts a white parka over his ODs and straps sharp ice cleats to his shoe pacs. A long knife is fastened under cartridge belts within instant reach. No member of the patrol takes along any identification, but some of them, with their leader's okay, slip into their pockets pictures of their wives, or sweethearts, "for luck."

It is almost dark when McKelvey snaps, "Okay, boys, let's move out." One GI who is not going wishes them good luck and the company CO calls out, "Bring back a Jerry."

Fresh snow has fallen during the day. Fourteen inches is the official count, but it is considerably deeper than that in most of the mountain passes and slopes. The sky is gray with fog and snow; the air is so solid there is no horizon and it gives the patrol a feeling of deceptive security.

In single file, behind McKelvey, they cleat across packed snow. Tank guns to the right rear open up and fire four rounds in quick succession—almost like a rapid burst from a mammoth machine gun. Shells from heavy guns are overhead, and the whole snow front flares in brilliant whiteness from the flash. Eight seconds later the roar rolls across the draws like summer thunder.

IT is full night when the patrol reaches the river. Each man steps into icy water. It comes past his shoe pac and puddles inside the rubber. Sgt. Marvin D. England, assistant squad leader from Green City, Mo., stumbles and spills into the freezing river. The Jerries are not close by yet, and he swears softly, "Hell, my can's wet."

Across the river, the patrol, the water on their legs already frosting, heads in a wide swing for the German position. The wireman silently unreels his telephone line from an oil-soaked spool. Twenty-five yards out from the river Pfc. Francis S. Niemczewski of Chesilhurst, N. J., fumbles and a single shot cracks from his BAR. They crouch lower but it is just another rifle blast to the Krauts and nothing happens.

The patrol keeps moving. Twenty minutes after leaving the river crossing—100 yards back—McKelvey connects his phone at check point No. 1 (the distance to the Jerry position has been divided into three check points) and reports to the battalion CO. High on a hill, in a gutted building strafed intermittently by Kraut machine guns, the OP listens in; artillery officers stand ready to lay down a barrage if the code cry "Barrel Ass" indicates the patrol is having trouble anywhere along the route.

The men stay quietly at check point No. 1 for nine minutes. Two are detailed as security and a third man, exhausted, joins them, unable to advance any farther. Then the patrol moves out again, this time for check point No. 2, which is 150 yards away. Our 60-mm shells fire a predesigned bracket beyond the patrol. The going gets tougher now; the snow is knee deep and the terrain wide open. There are no trees and only a few scattered bushes, weighted heavily by snow. Crouched over and struggling through the drifts, the patrol slows; two more men reel and drop out, heading back for the jump-off point.

The fanning sparkle of 4.2s rises from the nearby slopes and a phosphorus shell from one of our guns lands directly on a house to the left. Strands of fire like Christmas tinsel cut through the building. A Jerry plane drops a white flare. The flare dies, and the flaming house again stands vividly against the black night.

Four 800,000,000-candlepower "artificial moonlight" searchlights are streaking high across the front, but the patrol pays no attention. As the men approach check point No. 2, Jerry drops a smoke shell 25 yards away. Every man ducks deep in the snow until the flash dies. It is 28 minutes since the "report in" at check point No. 1, and McKelvey cuts in his phone again and reports. All is quiet and going well, he whispers.

Two security guards are left at check point No. 2 and the patrol moves out, separated now into two assault groups. More 60-mms form a fire bracket beyond the patrol, and far to the right a Kraut machine-gunner blazes away nervously. The patrol has found a "trail"—under 14 inches of snow — and the men try to get on the outside so they won't be seen. But a steep bank drops from the sides, and the men find themselves in snow hip deep. They return to the "trail" and move forward very slowly.

The "trail" ends. The two groups advance, this time 20 yards apart, each covering the other. The right assault group advances 15 yards and halts; the left group advances 15 yards, then another 15 yards, and it halts. The maneuver is repeated and McKelvey cuts through the deep snow from one group to another to keep them in line; for one of the groups keeps moving too far forward, as if impatient to get the business over. An owl hoot, first a long-drawn and steady cry, then a deep warble, comes clearly through the frosty air. The Jerries are signaling to each other again.

Up front McKelvey stops short; a strange noise sounds sharply through the mortar fire and machine-gun bursts. For 20 minutes the patrol freezes, but there is no follow-up, and the men push forward again. Somewhere in the distance a Kraut sniper's shot echoes in a lazy zing.

The Intelligence and Reconnaissance unit has made a faulty reconnaissance and at check point No. 3 McKelvey calls back to ask for identifying fire on the Kraut nest. One explosive shell, then a smoke shell, are dropped on target and McKelvey next calls for 81-mm defensive fire on the arc beyond the objective. The assault party moves forward at 2240 while 12 rounds of 81s explode in a perfect arc beyond the objective. The patrol is close to exhaustion. A couple of the men start to cough, sticking their heads turtlelike inside their hoods to muffle the noise.

AT 2345 the assault group, every gun alert, advances cautiously up the final slope to the objective, at the height of the draw. Small-arms fire and machine-gun bullets echo from the high ground above them; but as they close in on the direct objective they realize from the silence that Jerry has slipped away.

Bitter over losing his Kraut, McKelvey searches the area 150 yards beyond, as well as all the surrounding ground, but finds nothing. Suddenly German voices come from a machine-gun position on the other side of the draw. The patrol tries to get over but the first man slides part way down the draw and lands in snow up to his eyes. It is suicide to try to get across and the patrol is forced to back-track.

The men turn heavily to the river again, cutting the telephone wire in sections as they go and rolling it on their arms. Although they haven't captured their Kraut, the men have harassed the sector, and the Jerries will be trigger-happy for a few days. The six-hour thrust into their lines will force them to set up new machine-gun positions and send out ambush patrols during the next four or five nights.

Mortars and heavies are still bursting beyond the patrol as it recrosses the river. *Bed Check Charlie*, the Jerry plane that flies over the sector every night at midnight, putters overhead. The men crunch homeward on the packed snow, the coating of ice on their legs crackling as they walk.

It had been another quiet night, with small patrol action on the Italian front.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

PVT. Raymond Essinger, a Combat MP, of Williamstown, Ohio, is doing his best to learn Tagalog, "the official language of the Philippines, spoken by over four million people." It's a big help to MPs who like to get along.

PHOTO CREDITS, Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2, 3 & 4—Signal Corps. 5—INP. 6—Left, Cpl. Ira Kohlman; right, Sgt. Hanley. 8—Capt. Guy T. Denton Jr., MC. 9—AAFPOA. 11—Left & right, WW; center, Acme. 12—Sgt. Hanley. 13—Upper right, Cpl. O'Neill; others, Sgt. Hanley. 15—Upper left, INP; center & upper right, Signal Corps; lower right, PRO, AAFRS No. 1. 20—David O. Selznick. 23—Upper, N. Y. Journal-American; lower, Acme.

Demobilization (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

The depression of the 30s seems very remote, but it is well remembered by all those who were affected and particularly by those over 30 years of age. Theirs was a moratorium on life of three to eight years. In 1938, many of them had their first real opportunity to get started in life, pay off old debts and make a decent living. Now those same men who underwent that depression, and then had a few more years lopped off their normal lives through military service, will be given no consideration for age when the time comes to demobilize.

Men of 35 to 40 will have to compete with much younger men after this war, and it seems only fair and just that they be given the break they deserve by allowing age to be a determining factor in releasing men from the armed forces.

Panama —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

...I'm young, only 19 years of age. Here's what I've got to bitch about. Why not send young GIs overseas instead of our elders—men who are 28 or over? Men at that age are homesick. Yes, I'll admit I'm homesick, but I've got a long life ahead of me to look forward to. I've got time to build a home, time to save money for my old age, time to raise a family (or breed it, whichever way you want to put it), time to enjoy life. But how in the hell have those elderly men something to look forward to? What chance have they got? . . .

Alaska —Pvt. CHARLES E. DUQUETTE Jr.

Dear YANK:

In all bull sessions and editorials on the discharge question, we have heard little or no mention of the college student. We believe he deserves some consideration in whatever plan is finally adopted. As a college student, he was endeavoring to better himself and consequently benefiting the nation. The longer the interruption, the harder it will be to resume his education. He will find himself outclassed by a group of younger and fresher students.

From the GI Bill of Rights we gather that the Government is interested in the college student. Why not further these interests by giving the college students deserved consideration in the demobilization program?

Germany —Pfc. JOHN VOORHEES Jr.*

*Also signed by four others.

Dear YANK:

There are a lot of high officials in Washington who seem to think that soldiers are worrying about getting jobs, readjusting themselves to civilian life, etc. What the soldiers want most is to have this damn war gotten over with and to get out of the Army with as little delay as possible. If these officials are planning to hold a man in the service until a job is found for him, or until the Government feels he has been "rehabilitated," let me say that such a plan has no backing whatsoever from the GIs. After being in the Army two or three years, I am damn sure a man can take care of himself in civilian life without a lot of so-called aid from the Government that don't amount to a damn. . . .

Philippines —Cpl. NORMAN K. HEWITT

Warship Insurance

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle an argument between my buddy and I? The whole platoon is interested in the outcome of it: Does or does not the United States Navy have its warships insured by Lloyds of London or any other British insurance company?

France —Pfc. NICHOLAS C. BUSCH

■ No, it doesn't.

Post-War Germany

Dear YANK:

...To punish responsibility for World War II and to prevent World War III, I would propose the following peace terms for Germany:

1) That all of Germany within the 1936 boundaries be occupied as one military unit under Gen. Eisenhower as governor general. The general and his force would see to it that the other peace terms are carried out to the letter.

2) That all Nazi criminals be ruthlessly punished, whether their crimes have been committed in Germany or abroad.

3) Since the Germans claim they have been pushed into supporting the war by Nazi bullies, it is their job to turn all these Nazi bullies over to Allied military justice.

4) Germany shall not make or store explosives. All gasoline which it produces in excess of civilian needs will be stored abroad.

5) As for the remainder of German industry: if we control it instead of destroying it, we can use its patents, personnel and equipment for our benefit and prevent it from becoming again a tool of war. All stock in Germany's great corporations, and all dividends, shall go to a fund for the reimbursement of this war's victims. Measures will be taken to prevent subterfuges to keep dividends down by increasing expenses.

6) Germany will cleanse itself from all traces of Nazism and militarism, readopt the black-red-gold banner of the former German Republic and elect a democratic government which, under the watchful eyes of Allied Military Government, will scrupulously carry out the peace terms and, above all, provide some sort of educational system by which the German generation yet unborn can be brought up as useful citizens of the world.

Fort Custer Annex, Mich. —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

One of the biggest problems facing the Allies after Germany is defeated will be what to do with the German prisoners. Will they be allowed to return to Germany at the earliest possible moment? I should like to hear the views of other servicemen as I think we who have been fighting this war should have something to say about the peace. Many of these German soldiers here committed some crime or other. Let us not merely forgive and forget.

Italy —Pvt. SAMUEL FISHER

Lonely Heart

Dear YANK:

I'm stationed out here about 200 miles from Hollywood and I plan to go down that way before long, so if you have any good addresses down that way, how's about a couple? I know you are no lonely hearts bureau, but if you can I sure would appreciate the help.

Fix me up something with blond hair and about 5 feet 5 inches. I'm 20, so see if you can help with the age factor too.

Lemoore, Calif. —Lt. JAMES L. FULLER

■ If you're that close to Hollywood, the enlisted men in your outfit probably have more telephone numbers than we have.

Last GIs in Kweilin

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you stated that "Two of the last GIs to leave Kweilin were S/Sgt. Willard M. Golby and Cpl. Frank J. Kelleher." Of course, I don't know these fellows, perhaps because I arrived at Kweilin after they had gone. I am quite sure that Lt. Arthur Hopkins of Philadelphia, Pa., and I were the last out—perhaps a month or so after the above had left. When we left there were no civilians left to ride a train. They had been gone for weeks.

India —S/Sgt. ELWOOD CLARK

Relieving Shortage

Dear YANK:

Having continually read about the manpower shortage back in the States, we who have seen many months of foreign and front-line service cannot reconcile the fact that such a condition should exist. As a result of combat and other physical disabilities, we have been placed in a limited-service category. For the past month we have been doing nothing but routine close-order drill and road marches. The waste of time spent in such activities is absolutely sinful when our boys are dying because of a lack of ammunition.

We who have been through the thick of things know and appreciate the seriousness of the situation. We would be more than glad to work in any of these wartime plants at our Army wage scale and guarantee that production would reach its maximum and absenteeism reach its minimum.

Why should there be a manpower shortage in these war plants when there are so many limited-assignment men who would be more than willing to volunteer their services to help bring production to its peak?

France —Cpl. GEORGE S. WIENER

Post-War Bonus (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

...My hat is off to the two soldiers (and that is a concession, coming from a Seabee) who wrote to YANK and said, "Patriotism is not for sale at any price." . . . The U. S. is neither obligated to us in peacetime nor to us as a result of what we do in wartime because what we do for our country is merely a payment of the debt which we owe to the country which has granted more privileges and solace to its people than any nation on earth. Thus I cannot understand the mercenary attitude of many servicemen. . . .

As far as compensation is concerned, I definitely do feel that any man who has suffered permanently, either physically or mentally, should be remunerated for his disability.

I have missed my home and family as much as any man possibly could; yet if I have helped to bring about a return of our country to its former pre-war status, I will feel that the effort was justified by the result.

—DOUGLAS E. BUTLER MM3c
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Unsung Heroes

Dear YANK:

The enclosed drawing and caption from Lord & Taylor's 1944 Christmas catalogue hardly requires any comment

Console the hero who stuck to the home-front with our dashing battle-jacket done in soft tweeds or brown wool gabardine. Cut with Army attention to detail, and set for a full post-war life on links and country lanes. 36-44. $35.00. 51-01. On the Men's Floor, Tenth.

and leaves us absolutely flabbergasted. We suggest Lord & Taylor should also "create" an appropriate selection of service stripes and ribbons for these battle-scarred homefront heroes.

France —M/Sgt. G. J. WINNER

Malaria-Stricken Men

Dear YANK:

What do Government officials intend to do with malaria-stricken men? I am a man of 35 and, at the present moment, I'm on a permanent atabrine diet to ward off the symptoms of malaria—not malaria itself, mind you. There is no question in my mind that before we are discharged, the Army medicos will put us in fair shape. But this will take time, and in all probability we will be the last to be mustered out.

That will just about end our opportunity for reestablishing ourselves as civilians. A man 35 or over, who is married, as I am, will want to raise a family, tend to his wife's needs, etc., and without the opportunity to compete, they will be lost. I've been in India about 16 months and in due time I may be rotated, provided my replacement has the stamina to survive this ordeal. After being home for a while, I still am subject to overseas duty.

A great deal has been written about

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[illegible] men [illegible] the States [illegible] to make which will [illegible] purpose. Take all malaria-stricken men and men stricken with other diseases, excluding venereal diseases, and send them back to the States, where they can undergo their cure and at the same time be the permanent-party men at the base.

Some may say, with their tongues in their cheeks, that "someone sure is trying to get home." In all sincerity, I say that isn't so. But since we entered the Army on the basis of physical quality, let us think of mustering the men out on the same basis. The class to which I belong should merit some consideration so that we too can become useful members of society, but quickly.

India —S/Sgt. SYLVESTER S. GARFIELD

Pipe-Smoking Women

Dear YANK:

In the past few months I have seen a couple of articles concerning girls who are now smoking pipes. Maybe I am old fashioned but I do think that this is no doubt the most disgusting bit of news I have read since this war began. . . . I have seen pictures of college girls in papers with corncob pipes hanging from their mouths. They seemed to be proud of the fact too, because they had their names printed under the picture. I think it is bad enough to see young squirts of the female species smoking cigarettes, but when they stick a stinking old pipe in their mouths, well I for one think that is going too damn far. If I ever catch any woman connected to me in any way—wife, sister or otherwise—smoking a pipe, I think it would be hard to keep from driving the stinking thing down her damn throat. . . .

Panama —Cpl. JAMES R. HAWKINS*

*Also signed by 12 others.

How To Make Candles

Dear YANK:

While sitting here under this bright Philippine sunshine, I began to think about the individual soldier's supply of light, namely candles. They seem to be more scarce than somewhat around these parts. With this thought in mind, I proceeded to scrape the wax off of three of my K-ration boxes and fashioned a candle of approximately four inches in length. Now, thinking this a very shrewd idea, I offer it to my brother GIs for what it is worth.

I also suggest that the makers of K-ration enclose a length of string to be used as a wick. At present I'm employing a portion of my bootlace.

Philippines —Pvt. JOHNNY MARSHALL

Cigarette Thieves

Dear YANK:

Several of the fellows here thought the punishment of the men who stole the cigarettes in France was too easy. They never should be sent to the pen. They should have been put on a barbed-wire stringing detail, without weapons, or as mine detectors. After all, the fellows they stole from, the soldiers at the front, will have to pay taxes to feed those men in the pen for 50 years. Do you think this is fair to the man who fought at the front?

France —S/Sgt. P. ROESCH

Training Suggestion

Dear YANK:

. . . Some men returning from overseas combat wonder what is happening to them. Do they get a place here in the States to pass on what they know from actual experience? Hell, no! They are given what is called by their commanding officers a "refresher course" in training: infiltration course, firing all the basic weapons over, throwing "live" hand grenades, KP, guard duty, fatigue details and all the other things that they give to raw recruits when they first come into the Army.

Instead of scattering these men all over the U. S., how about forming a training unit made up of all men that were ZId back to the States to put on demonstrations to the men taking training here? This unit, formed out of every branch of service, could spend one week in each camp and put on demonstrations that the men in training would appreciate and benefit by very much.

If an organization of this nature is ever formed, I want to be the first man requesting a transfer to it, although I do have a soft job in a service unit. I believe that, if given a chance, I could teach men something that I learned by actual experience and not from *Field Manual 00-000.*

Camp Chaffee, Ark. —Pvt. MARION H. MILES

Discharge Button

Dear YANK:

The purpose of this letter is a protest against the present veterans' discharge lapel button now being issued, which in my opinion is entirely inadequate. I'm an overseas veteran, having been discharged, because of a disability, two months ago. I wear my discharge button, but it has proved of little or no value to me. Few servicemen and practically no civilians even recognize the thing. It is easily mistaken for just another button.

I personally do not expect glorification for my service after having returned to civilian life, but neither do I expect to go into any explanations justifying my reason for being a civilian again. I understand it is proper to wear service ribbons on civilian clothing, but I'm sure, as in my case, this is undesirable to most veterans. . . .

Wyandotte, Mich. —JOHN OSAK

Whisky

Dear YANK:

Recently upon my return from temporary duty in the United States, I witnessed during the processing in a repple depple the taking away and destruction of whisky which the men had carried from the States.

I consider this a crime, insofar as the person who executed this procedure was himself probably issued by military authority a ration of whisky shipped from the States.

I fully understand that a man under the influence of alcohol cannot perform his duties in a satisfactory manner, but the whisky carried by these men was, in my estimation, not for the purpose of intoxication, but carried to prove that they had not forgotten buddies who were still over here sweating it out. . . .

Personally I don't care for whisky, but I know that a drink of good whisky would be appreciated by men who care and have not had the opportunity for years. It would be a whole lot better than the blinding poison that some GIs get in Italy.

Italy —S/Sgt. EIGEL H. MADSEN

Dear YANK:

Why is it that, with all the talk about the need for shipping space, they allow the shipment of whisky and spirits overseas? I know that a lot of it is used in the hospitals, but there is plenty of it that is kept in the dark.

I'm one of the many men that likes to have a drink of whisky, but I consider it second or even third to other things that the enlisted men should have, and whisky is one thing that goes to the officers exclusively. What about stopping a lot of these luxuries and getting some good food to us, instead of what they are dishing out here now?

Marianas Islands —T-5 VITO SYLVESTER

Army of Occupation

Dear YANK:

I have an idea on how to solve this problem of men for the Army of Occupation. Why not take all these young men between the ages of 20 and 30 (plenty of them single) who are now holding down so-called essential war jobs and put them in the Army of Occupation? It would require very little training, as they would be noncombatant, and it would give us fellows a chance to get started again in civilian life.

They are making the money now and should be willing to sacrifice a couple of years overseas. We are sacrificing those years now and would like a chance to make some of that good dough before the post-war depression sets in.

—Pvt. GEORGE A. EISENBACH

Geiger Field, Wash.

International Big Stick

Dear YANK:

. . . Every major European war since the 15th Century has affected our economy, living conditions and even our peace. The French and Indian War was an extension of the European Hundred Years' War, the War of 1812 was caused by the Napoleonic Wars, World Wars I and II were primarily European wars. Still we try to kid ourselves that we are immune from Europe. We are not and we never will be!

The only way we can try to assure our future peace is to take an active part in Europe's affairs. We must see to it that "unimportant affairs" like those at Sarajevo, Ethiopia, Munich and Danzig will not again ignite the world. We must have a strong foreign policy, we must let the rest of the world know we have one. We must play "power politics" and "carry a big stick" (and we have an extremely big stick—the world's larg- [illegible] State A[illegible] [illegible] industrial empire).

Europe's traditional balance of power system is no good; it has never worked. It has caused war after war ever since Metternich started it after the Napoleonic Wars. But the balance-of-power system is what Britain and Russia are now establishing while we are standing by—"the uninterested spectator." . . .

Let's carry our big stick and play our power politics now. Let us do some ordering around now. If we don't, if we stay an "uninterested spectator," we will send men to Europe again as we did in '17 and as we are doing now. For the future let's act tough, let's tell Europe what to do. Now is the time!

ETO —Pfc. THOMAS M. REES

Alternating Shoes (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

We men of the 785th Tank Battalion noted the letter in *Mail Call* on various means of alternating shoes—the ones with cross laces and the ones with block laces. So the enlisted men of the 803d FA Battalion think they have a gripe? We men of the 785th can go them not one, but three better. Not only do we have the cross and block laces but on the block lace shoes, we have *1)* a white dot painted on the inside of the tongue ½ inch from the top, *2)* on the same pair we have a hole punched 1 inch from the top of the tongue, *3)* between the heel and sole of the same shoe, we have a bright red stripe painted. . . .

The officers around here still can't decide on which day each of the shoes should be worn.

Fort Knox, Ky. —(Name Withheld)

AAF Overseas Stripe

Dear YANK:

Why not have a special overseas stripe for the combat crews of the AAF based on combat hours? A fellow can put in 50 missions and a hell of a lot of combat hours, but if he has done all of this in five months he is not entitled to wear an overseas bar. He has done more work than the fellow who has been over from six months to 30 months, because he has had to fly much oftener and flying is one way to become exhausted quickly.

—Pfc. GORDON C. MacKENZIE

March Field, Calif.

Oldest Equipment

Dear YANK:

. . . It might be interesting to discover the oldest combat and noncombat material now in use. I have no suggestion to offer in that line except perhaps Gen. Stilwell's campaign hat and a certain steak which was issued to me several weeks back, but there might be some interesting data uncovered by such a query on your pages.

Italy —Sgt. HALL G. VAN VLACK Jr.

MP Herman Kluck

Dear YANK:

I read a fiction story by Pvt. Arthur Adler in YANK which some of the boys and myself don't like. The name of the story of which I am talking about is "How Herman Kluck Won the War." It was all right about Herman being in the Military Police but it's how he got there that has us wild up. Pvt. Adler goes on to say that "Since Herman was not a perfect physical specimen, he could not qualify for a combat unit or Air Force permanent party. Instead, possessing blurred vision and scrawny arms, and being 10 pounds underweight, it was only natural that he be assigned to the Military Police." If that is Pvt. Adler's idea of how fellows become Military Police he hasn't run across my unit and he's lucky.

Italy —Pvt. WM. H. SMITH

Strictly GI

Medical Administration OCS. The Medical Administrative Corps will accept and train 1,245 officer candidates at the Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. Generally speaking, all EM in the Medical Department and certain other services, such as Ordnance, Finance and Chemical Warfare, and all EM over 35 years of age in combat service are permitted to apply for admission. Men under 35 in the combat arms are not eligible unless they fail in some way to qualify for their own OCS. Applicants must have completed basic training in some branch of the service and must not be alerted for overseas.

GI Married Women. Overseas theater commanders have been authorized to return to the States any woman officer, woman warrant officer or enlisted woman whose husband has been returned to the States for reassignment, hospitalization or honorable discharge. [*WD Cir. No. 47, 8 Feb. 45.*]

Liberated PWs' Mail. Letters and post cards to military and civilian personnel liberated from Japanese prison and internment camps on Luzon should be addressed as follows: Name of addressee, serial number if addressee is military personnel, American Red Cross, Civilian War Affairs Section, APO 442, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

"Do you know anything about compulsory military training?"

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Navy Notes

Dress Undress

Bluejackets for Bluejumpers. Maybe it's true that the 13 buttons on a sailor's pants are in commemoration of the 13 original colonies, and maybe it's true that sailors wear a black neckerchief in mourning for Lord Nelson, the British naval hero, and that the three stripes on the collar commemorate three great British naval engagements. And maybe it's true that the long collar was designed to catch the tar that old-time sailors put on their pigtails.

Whether or not these are the correct explanations for the way a sailor is outfitted, the uniform has long been a source of griping. U. S. sailors say that if they have to have something on their uniforms to commemorate naval engagements, why can't it be American naval battles that they honor? And if a naval hero has to be honored, aren't there plenty of American naval heroes to honor? And nowadays sailors rarely put tar on their pigtails, so there's no real reason for having the long collar.

Out of all this criticism have come some constructive ideas from the *Pelican*, a Navy newspaper published at the U. S. Naval Repair Base at New Orleans, La., for a new uniform. Here they are, with the addition of some suggestions culled from the gripes of YANK Navy readers:

The material would be the same blue wool melton used in the present blues. It's warm and comfortable, and easy to wash and stow. Instead of the present jumper, there would be a jacket like the one you've seen Gen. Eisenhower wearing in his pictures. It would have roomy breast pockets and a bellows back for added roominess and it would close in front with a zipper. The dress jacket would have a small turned-down collar, lapels and open coat sleeves. The undress jacket would have no collar or lapels and the cuffs would be buttoned. A shirt or turtle-neck sweater would be worn under the jacket—a white shirt and blue tie for dress and the collar open for undress.

The pants would have a fly instead of the 13 buttons and trapdoor, and would have slit pockets big enough to take something bulkier than a postage stamp. There would be an overseas-type hat, easy to stow away in the pocket or twist when you ask for leave.

The *Pelican* wants to know what you think of this proposed new uniform. We'd like to know too, and we'd like you to send your thoughts on the subject to the Navy Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Military Courtesy. A new Wave, fresh out of boot training at Hunter College in New York, passed an officer going in the same direction up Fifth Avenue. She turned, saluted, sang "By your leave, sir," and passed him. The officer mumbled something at his shoes.

A hat display in a window stopped the Wave for a few moments and when she resumed her stroll she again had to pass the officer. Again she saluted, sang out "By your leave, sir," and passed. This time the officer smiled and said: "Good morning."

A display of sportswear for use in Florida again brought the little parade to a halt and by the time she had recovered, it was again necessary to pass the gilded sleeve. Once more came the salute and the "By your leave, sir." And now the officer was on the beam. He bowed and said: "This one is on me."

Jap Shoot. Army transports often go out to sea to enable their Navy crews to have some gunnery practice. Maj. John W. Johnson, commander of the transport *Shawnee*, thought it was a shame to waste so much ammunition so he got authority to alter the procedure. The crew's guns were trained on Jap-occupied territory a few miles from the transport base in the Southwest Pacific. It was found that the crews fired with more enthusiasm and, incidentally, inflicted considerable damage on enemy installations.

Phony. A Navy lieutenant was on duty at an aviation exhibition in Rockefeller Center, New York, when a lieutenant commander entered. The commander gave the lieutenant a dressing down because of dirt which had gathered on the white underside of a plane. This, said the commander, was a blot on Navy tradition. The lieutenant took the rebuke quietly, then turned in a complaint. A few days later the FBI caught up with Leonard Isaacson, civilian first class, masquerading in the uniform of a lieutenant commander and wearing two area campaign ribbons and the Purple Heart.

Dredgings. Navy fighter pilots are now wearing antiblackout suits which prevent loss of conciousness when coming out of a steep dive. The suits weigh only three pounds and are supposed to be almost as comfortable as summer flying suits. The Navy Bureau of Aeronautics has also developed a new water repellent for airplane windshields that turns away driving rains without a smear of splashes and eliminates windshield wipers; also flyers' plastic goggles that are electrically heated to prevent clouding. . . . A 17-jewel watch cannot compare with a battleship; there are over 5,000 jewels—sapphires, rubies and such—in the mechanisms which control such things as fire and navigation on a battleship. . . . Many destroyer escorts that have fought themselves out of a job fighting subs in the Atlantic are now in Navy yards undergoing conversion for a new duty. Specialized antisubmarine equipment is being replaced by extra bunks, mess halls and davits for small motorized landing craft, and the DEs will now be fast amphibious-assault vessels. . . . The Navy in this war has lost more than five times the number of men killed in all our previous wars put together. Excluding the Marine Corps and Coast Guard, the figure is 22,481 since Pearl Harbor against 4,232 in all the other wars. In the last war 422 were killed. . . . It was suggested by Fleet Adm. Nimitz, recommended by Fleet Adm. King and approved by SecNav Forrestal that the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea shall henceforth be called the Battle for Leyte Gulf. . . . A barge was tied up alongside a warship in the South Pacific and both were heaving in a tropical hurricane. Howard Thompson MM2c, of LaCrosse, Wis., fell between the ships where the next heave would surely crush him. But he fell across a mooring line, just when the barge was rocking away from the warship; the line snapped taut and Thompson flew with the greatest of ease completely over the barge and landed safely in the water on the other side.

—DONALD NUGENT S1c

Message Center

ABE BERGER of Brooklyn, last heard of at Camp Lee, Va., December 1941: write Pfc. Murray M. Goodowitz, Sq. T-1, March Field, Calif. . . . Anyone having information about NATE BRIN, last heard of on Anzio beachhead with the 7th Inf., March 1944: write Cpl. Philip Abell, Hq. Co. SCU 1128, Fort Devens, Mass. . . . Anyone having information about JAMES F. BROCKMAN of Texarkana, Ark., at Brooks Field, Tex., in 1943, now believed to be overseas: write Pvt. Leroy Coffey, 3704 BU, Sec. H, Box 199, Keesler Field, Miss. . . . Sgt. DAVID BROOKS: write Cand. Philip Stahl, Class 37, Pltn: 2, TC School, New Orleans AAB, La. . . . F/O DANIEL BRUEN of Lemoore, Calif.: write Sgt. Elton Silver, Sq. T-1, Malden AAB, Mo. . . . ELMER (RUSTY) CHERNEY of Ohio, once at Fort Lewis, Wash., last heard of in England with the Infantry: write Pfc. Gilbert B. Thompson, Reg. Hosp., Ward 61, Camp Polk, La. . . . MANNY COHEN: write Pfc. Harry Fink, Co. B, 218 ITB, Camp Blanding, Fla. . . . Sgt. ELWOOD FARRELL, somewhere in India: write A/S Edwin F. Coyle, Class 45-8B, Box 30, Kirtland Field, Cadet Det., Albuquerque, N. Mex. . . . Sgt. FRANK FITTIN, last heard of with 364th Ftr. Gp.: write Lt. A. H. Kahrs, 1440 Canal Bldg., New Orleans, La. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. CLIFFORD FLETCHER, last heard of at Clark Field, the Philippines, in 1941 as baker in a Material Squadron: write his brother, Lane Fletcher, Ptrlc, Box 9, Camp Parks, Calif. . . . M Sgt. JOHN GILSHIAN, last heard of in Hq. Co. with the First Army: write Pvt. H. G. Miller, MP Det. 1848 SCU, Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Anyone having information concerning Sgt. HARRY KANTOR, last heard of in the 332d Bomb Sq., 94th Bomb Gp. in December 1944: write Pvt. Martin Kantor, Sec. Q 1146 SCU, Univ. of Conn., Storrs, Conn. . . . Pvt. STANLEY J. KUFTIAK, AAF, last heard of in Orlando, Fla.: write Sgt. Philip H. Meyer, Sec. C-5 2115 BU, Courtland AAF, Ala. . . . ROBERT L. LOCKLEER of Atlanta, Ga., last heard of in 1941: write Pfc. James A. Thomas, Class 45-2, Bks. 202, Harlingen AAF, Tex. . . . Pfc. JIM E. LORRY, once in Roswell, N. Mex.: write Pfc. Laurel Arnand, 1505 BU ATC, Sec. G, Mather Field, Calif. . . . FELIX MCNEESE: write your brother Pvt. John P. McNeese, Ward A-3, Sta. Hosp., Camp Gruber, Okla. . . . MARY LEE NARCISE: write Pvt. Newman Theriot, 2135 AAF BU, Sec. F-1, Box 830, Tyndall Field, Panama City, Fla. . . . Cpl. JERRY O'DELL, once in the South Pacific with the AAF, later at Fort Lawton, Wash., now believed to be in Calif.: write Pvt. Skipper Richnovsky, FLSA, WAC Det., Fort Lawton, Wash. . . . Anyone having information about W. E. (BILL) O'KELLEY, once at Camp Bowie, Tex., last heard of in England: write his brother, Sgt. R. L. O'Kelley, 637 QM Co., Indiantown Gap, Pa. . . . HENRY PAPENTHIEN, last heard of in Chicago: write Pvt. Werner E. Neuman, Co. F-201 ITB, Camp Blanding, Fla. . . . Lt. NORMAN PETERFREUND, last heard of a year ago at APO 8961: write Jerome P. Friedman, U. S. Army FS 362, Navy 920, San Francisco, Calif. . . . Pvt. CHILTON, last heard of in a Recon outfit in Belgium: write Pfc. Edward Stanek, 416 Ordnance MM Co., Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. OREN E. RIDNOUR, last heard of in France, June 1944: write his brother, S/Sgt. Ralph I. Ridnour, Sec. C, 2519, AAF BU, Fort Worth AAF, Tex. . . . Lt. BUGGINS SCHEER of New Haven, Conn., now overseas: write Pvt. Rhoda Hendler, WAC, Sec. B, 263d BU, Harding Field, Baton Rouge 5, La. . . . Pfc. MICHAEL SEVERINSKY, last heard of in France with the 30th Inf., Co. B: write F/O Ezra Miletzky, Sq. T-1, 461st AAF BU, Lemoore, Calif. . . . Pfc. SOL SPIELMAN, last heard of in Camp Van Dorn, Miss., with the 135th Combat Engrs.: write Cpl. Alfred Myers, 116th AAF BU, AAB, Fort Dix, N. J. . . . HOWARD J. STROUSS, believed to be at Turner Field, Ga.: write c/o YANK's Message Center. . . . Anyone having information concerning Pfc. JAMES LEE WILLIAMS, last heard of in France, October 1944, Bn. 11 Inf.: write A/C C. D. Rowley, USNR, Bn. 64 Ruffin 309, USN Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, N. C. . . . Pvt. GUNTHER WOLFE of New York, last heard of with the Engrs. at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Pvt. Wilfred Wessels, Co. A, 1294 Engr. C Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Cpl. CLIFTON C. WRIGHT, last heard of at Camp Blanding, Fla.: write Pfc. Noel E. Kurtz, Co. A, Acad. Regt., Inf. School, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Lt. BERT WYLAN, Med. Corps, stationed at a hospital in Virginia: write c/o YANK's Message Center. . . . Anyone having information concerning KENNETH C. WYTHE, last heard of in France, November 1944 with the 137th Inf.: write Pfc. W. E. Wythe, 3704 AAF BU, Sec. L, 302, Box 1216, Keesler Field, Miss.

SOMETHING new has been added to the old haystack prop, in the form of Ingrid Bergman. For our money she makes a wonderful addition. A David O. Selznick star, Ingrid is due to appear in a movie called "Spellbound," directed by Alfred Hitchcock. She will play the role of a psychiatrist. Just relax and tell her all about your dreams.

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"Hey, you! Come back here with my salad!"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, Santa Ana AAB, Calif.

"I was told you wanted to see me immediately, sir."
—Cpl. Michael Ponce de Leon, AAF ETC, St. Louis, Mo.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Clancy Clears a Mess

When I first got to Martin Field the chow was even worse than it is now. Most of the squawks made to the IG were about the meals. Not that anybody ever got sick from the stuff. It was just that the cooks couldn't cook. KP was a cinch because nobody came to chow, and the PX did a land-office business. Capt. Clancy, the mess officer, got so desperate that he actually offered the mess sergeant a furlough if he could get more of the boys into the mess hall, but it was no dice. As for me, I was spending my salary and getting money from home (I was only a private then) in order to eat all my meals at the service club.

That's how things were when this guy Mignon reported for duty as second cook.

His full name was Antoine Etienne Armand Mignon and he'd had 15 years experience as a chef in swanky hotels like the Pierre and the Waldorf. He got the name Philly from the mess sergeant, who vaguely recalled a steak by that name and thought he was being awfully clever. But it was a lot better name than Antoine.

From the day Philly arrived at Martin Field our chow began to improve. The mess sergeant let him supervise the cooking, because he used to be a short-order cook when Philly was a big-timer. Us GIs noticed the improvement first. More fellows started to drift into the mess hall and we started to look forward to meals. They became terrific. Sure, we still had stuff like stew. Only Philly put up a menu calling it beef jardiniere and it went over big. It was really the same food that they'd always given us, but Philly was a showman. He used to build bread puddings in the shape of different buildings around the field. And I remember one occasion when he fooled the whole squadron into thinking pork was steak.

Even on Fridays the mess hall was jammed. Hungry-looking officers hung around the chow line eyeing us with envy. On Christmas, a platoon of MPs was sent down to the mess hall because the mob was surging against the doors like Sinatra day at the Paramount.

But finally the crisis came.

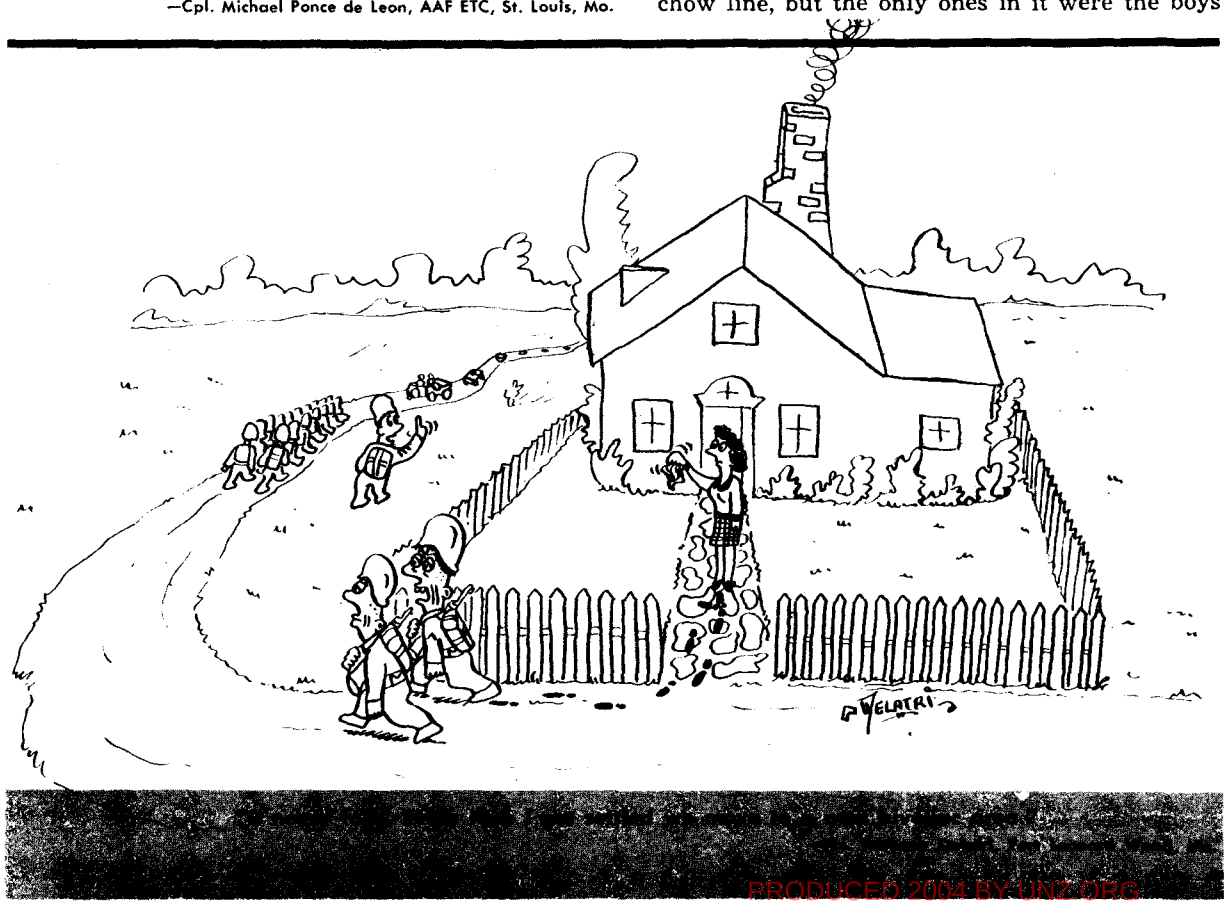
One day the OD noticed the chow line extended along the main road, getting in the way of traffic. This shouldn't have been, so he reported it. The next day a check was made of the chow line, but the only ones in it were the boys in our squadron. In another week the line was a block longer, reaching to post headquarters. We found out why in three places at the same time—in Supply, in Finance and in Physical Training. The supply sergeant became frantic when 95 percent of the squadron members tried to turn in their trousers every week for exchange. The finance officer simultaneously noticed that his tech sergeant was starting to resemble a master. And PT noticed that the boys' time on the shuttle run was getting slower and slower. So the CO finally made the discovery.

He found that the chow line was growing—not by more men, but because the boys were putting on weight. Philly's food had increased the waistline of every man in the squadron. And they were still growing. The problem was serious, especially to supply. It was impossible to give everyone a new uniform every seven days or so. And the base commander worried because the squadron looked like a full group on parade.

Finally the CO put the problem to Capt. Clancy, who, as I have said, was our mess officer. Clancy looked up Mignon's form 20 and found he held a commercial driver's license, so they had him reclassified to a 345, a truck driver. Then they shipped him to a base somewhere in the Caribbean. That's the way they did things at Martin Field.

The day I got my shipping orders I passed the mess hall, and there was Capt. Clancy holding a scrap of food in his hand. He was waving it at a half-starved dog. The mutt managed to drag his bony carcass over to the food. He sniffed at it for a moment, slowly turned away and staggered off. And Capt. Clancy was smiling broadly.

Selfridge Field, Mich. —Pfc. ARTHUR ADLER



YARDBIRD'S LAMENT

I've been waiting on a rating,
  Waiting, waiting near a year,
But my CO keeps debating,
  And my rating's never near.

Now it's not the lack of trying
  Keeps me sighing "still no rank."
And you mustn't think I'm lying,
  'Cause I'm not, I'm simply frank.

I keep bucking, working, learning,
  Burning energy galore.
Yet in vain my striving, yearning—
  I'm a private evermore.

It takes more than mere imploring
  And adoring constantly.
Though I keep on boring, choring,
  Still no stripes that I can see.

If with rank I'm not entrusted,
  And my fondest hopes must fade,
One thing's sure—I can't be busted,
  I'm a private, seventh grade.

Camp Robinson, Ark. —S Sgt. IRVING CARESS

THE FOOT LOCKER

Two rows of socks in neat array
Like buns in a bakery window.
In contrast,
Shorts and undershirts,
Snow-white and laundry-fresh.
A woolen tie, GI issue,
Rubs elbows with the silk one
Aunt Bessie sent last Christmas.
Folded handkerchiefs
In shades of army green,
A shaving kit with broken zipper,
A first-aid kit,
A sewing kit,
Two overseas caps that have seen better nights,
This completes one section of the tray.

In the other are
Pencils, a pen, a pipe, tobacco
And a partially used box of snuff;
Two packs of cigarettes,
Two candy bars and a comic book
And, in one corner, a worn cardboard box
Which holds his private life.
Family letters and those with SWAK on the back,
Often read and answered long ago.
And here's a handful of pictures.
Here he is on his first furlough,
A family group
Taken in the side yard at home.
That is his mother,
Smiling bravely,
And his dad, proud as hell,
The kid brother and sister
Grinning with hero worship;
They are his folks.
The other picture is his girl,
Smiling across the miles,
Her lips saying, "Hurry back, safe."

This is his well-forged link with the past,
Something to return to,
Something to think about,
Something to fight for.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Pvt. GENE WIERBACH

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General Phelan of the New York Boxing Commission is a famous talker, but here Hype Igoe has him backed into a corner with his hands up in surrender.

SPORTS: HYPE IGOE, LINK BETWEEN OLD AND NEW IN BOXING

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

To his readers, Hype Igoe, the famous New York *Journal-American* sportswriter who died last month, was a sentimentalist living in the past. He was forever discovering another Stanley Ketchel, another Jim Corbett or another Jack Dempsey, but his latter-day Ketchels, Corbetts and Dempseys always developed glass jaws. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Hype never took their failures to heart. He went right on predicting future greatness for other looking-glass fighters who were sensational only in the gym.

But to people in the boxing and sports-writing business who knew him during his off-duty hours, Hype was a pleasant link with the pre-World War I era—a never-go-home character who would sit up all night telling old stories and singing old songs. Everybody loved him, and the stories that were told about him received far wider circulation than those he wrote.

He had some strange habits. Broadway juice-stand attendants remember him as the little man in the *pince-nez* glasses and turtle-neck sweater who insisted on having his orange juice served hot. And he liked to go out on the road with the fighters he wrote about. Max Baer dreaded Igoe's arrival at his training camp because Hype would rap on his bedroom door every morning and shame him into doing road work.

Like most of the old school of fight writers, Hype fancied his own ability to throw a punch. As big as a robin and as cocky, he was particularly proud of his left hook. At the annual *Journal* clambake one year, his associates ribbed him up to try it out on the late Tom Thorp, the former All-American football player and noted gridiron and turf official who was over 6 feet tall and weighed more than 230 pounds. Sneaking up on the unsuspecting Thorp, Hype let fly with his hook. It landed flush on Thorp's square, granitelike jaw. Tom merely blinked and said "If that's the best you can do, Hype, throw it away. It ain't no good."

For years Igoe never bought a pair of shoes. Damon Runyon fancied expensive footgear but dreaded breaking it in. Hype took care of that detail for him and always wore the best.

Runyon's favorite Igoe story concerns Hype's vague managerial connection with Stanley Ketchel, the fighter whom he and almost everyone else considered the greatest middleweight of all time. The fabulous and unscrupulous Wilson Mizner was a friend of Hype's, and when Hype took Ketchel to Philadelphia for a fight, Wilson went along for the trip. Ketchel won and made a very favorable impression on Mizner. On the way back home Hype was sitting in a drawing room on the train when Stanley came in, threw two guns on the table and said: "I want to talk a little business with you, Hype. I think I prefer to have Mizner manage me from now on." Looking at the guns, Hype swallowed and said, "That's fine."

Next to boxing Hype loved to cover the six-day bike races at Madison Square Garden. On one such occasion he strolled out of the Garden with Jack Miley, then a sportswriter on the *Daily News*, to have a few drinks at Mickey Walker's bar across the street. Miley had been enjoying himself at the bike races, and he was complaining because he had to leave town and go to Philadelphia to cover the Army and Navy football game.

Hype said: "Jack, you're a much younger man than I am. The way to succeed is to do your assignment no matter how distasteful it seems to you. Go to Philadelphia and do the story and do a good one."

After each drink Hype would scold Miley about not taking his assignments seriously. Finally Hype missed Miley, but decided that he had gone outside to buy a paper. After a few more drinks, Hype looked up and there was Miley beside him again, drinking a beer.

"Jack," Igoe said, "it's getting late. Remember you have to cover that silly football game in Philly."

"Hype," said Miley, "I've been to Philadelphia. I've covered the Army-Navy game and I've come back. Navy won 3-0. Have a beer."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

M Sgt. **Wince King**, an Ordnance worker, set a new high-jump record for India of 6 feet 5 inches in the All-American Track and Field Meet at the Football Club Stadium in Calcutta. . . . **Marshall College** of Huntington, W. Va., had to cancel a game with the University of Maryland after most of its varsity basketball players were called up in the draft. . . . While **Stanley Musial**, St. Louis Cardinals slugger, was posing for a publicity picture at Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station, a rookie who failed to recognize the big-leaguer told him he wasn't holding his bat correctly. Musial good naturedly adjusted his grip and the photo joe snapped the picture. . . . **Lt. George Sauer**, former Nebraska and Green Bay back who was head coach of football at the University of New Hampshire before he went into the Navy, is at St. Mary's (Calif.) Pre-Flight School after 17 months of duty aboard the carrier *Enterprise*. . . . **Joe Skladany CSp**, Pitt's All American end who left the head-coaching berth at Carnegie Tech to enter the Navy, describes **Charlie Justice**, ex-Asheville (N. C.) high-school star who played for Bainbridge Naval Station last fall, as "the fastest thing I've seen in cleats." . . . **Sgt. Earl (Pop) Cady**, who recalled that he won the featherweight championship of the AEF in Paris after the first World War, was a spectator at the Carolinas Golden Gloves. . . . **Lt. Gar Wood Jr.**, chief of the Hull Training Section at Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla., predicts that Sir Malcolm Campbell's record of 141 mph in a speedboat will be broken after the war. He maintains that motors developed in recent years will enable boats to reach a speed of 200 mph or better.

Discharged: **Charley Malone**, former Washington Redskins end, from the Marines. . . . *Rejected:* **Lennie Merullo**, Chicago Cubs shortstop, at Fort Banks, Mass. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Comdr. Norman P. (Red) Strader**, former St. Mary's College coach, to Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Center to succeed **Comdr. James H. (Sleepy Jim) Crowley**, former Fordham coach, who has been detached for his second tour of duty in the South Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* **Earl Meadows**, former pole-vaulting champion at University of Southern California, to captain in the Fourteenth Air Force in China; **Tommy Tatum**, ex-Brooklyn Dodgers outfielder, to corporal at Robbins Field, Ga. . . . *Wounded:* **Capt. George Poschner**, end on Georgia's '42 Rose Bowl team, in Belgium; **S/Sgt. Tommy Gomez**, Tampa (Fla.) heavyweight, in Germany. . . . *Killed:* **Lt. Joe Hunt**, national tennis champion in '43, in an airplane crash in Florida.

BULLDOG DONS ODs. While getting his basic training at Fort Lewis, Wash., Pvt. Clyde (Bull Dog) Turner, ex-Chicago Bears center, won't have much use for the football he is storing in his barracks bag.

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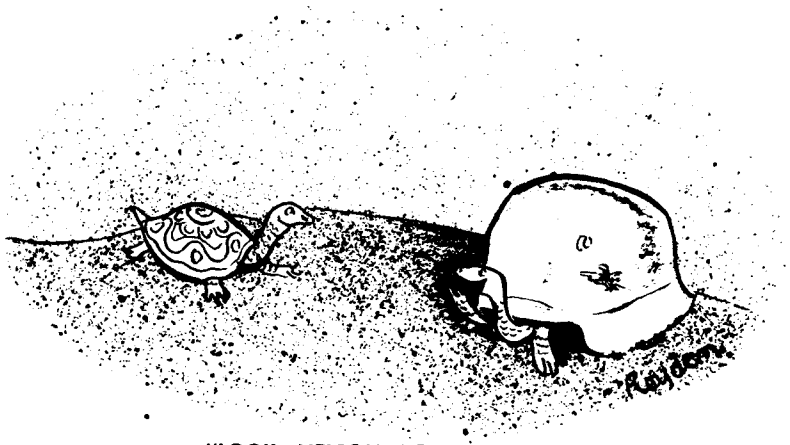
"SIR, WE HAVE A VERY DIFFICULT PROBLEM—A MAN WHO WANTS TO SELL APPPLES WHEN HE GETS OUT." —Cpl. Art Gates



"LOOK, NELSON—HEIL HITLER."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson

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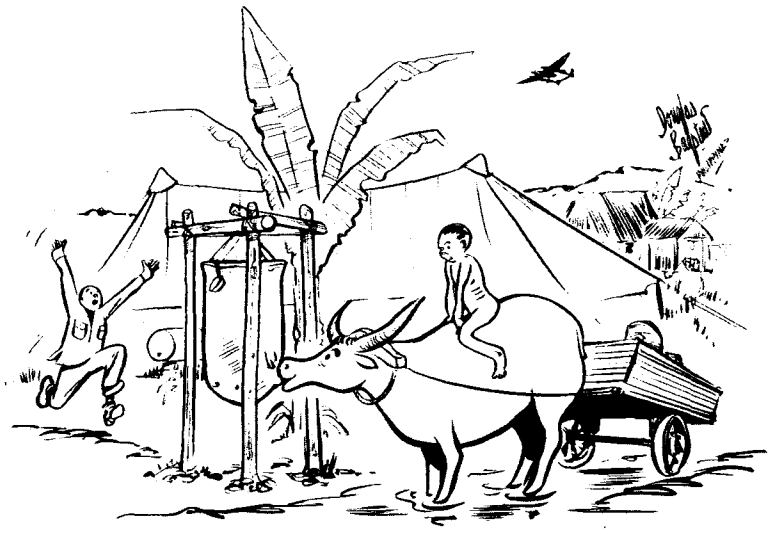
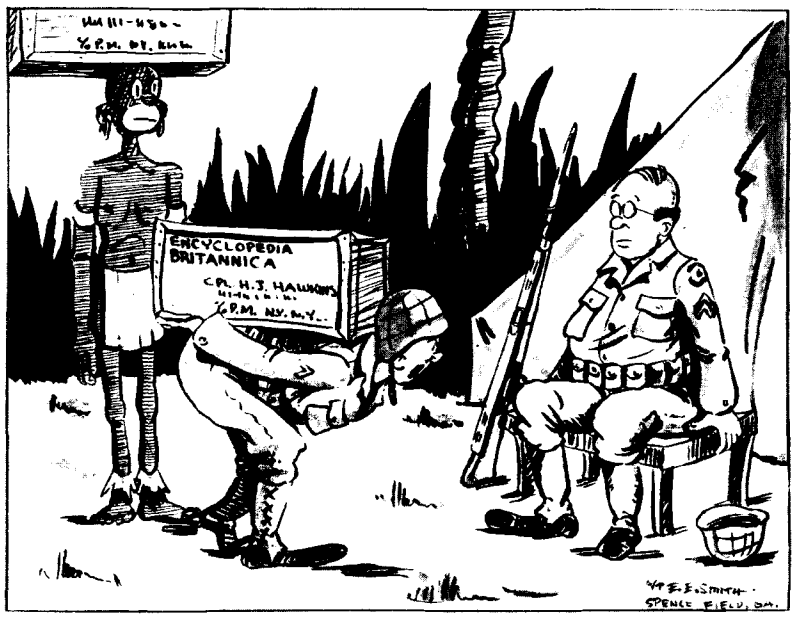
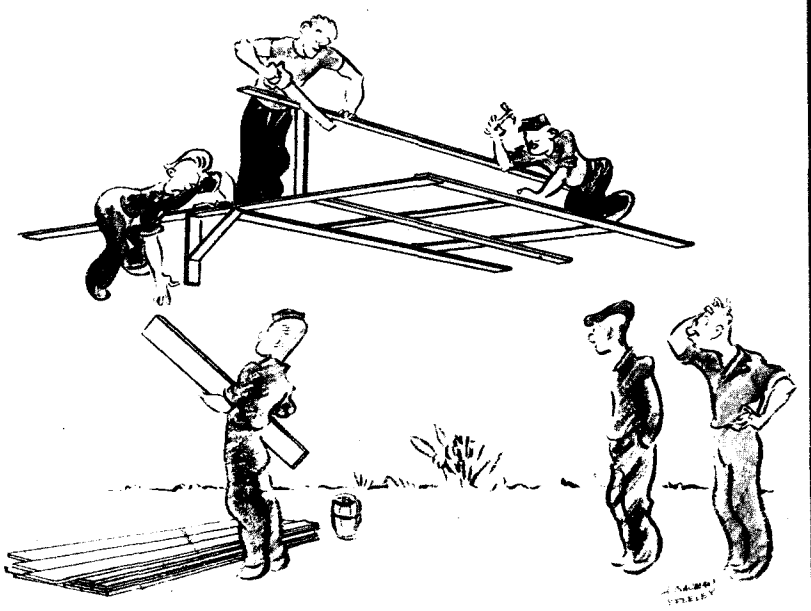


—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"HAWKINS, WILL YOU PLEASE QUIT SENDING QUESTIONS TO INFORMATION PLEASE?" —A/T E. E. Smith



"AIRBORNE ENGINEERS OR NOT, I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THEY DO IT."
—Sgt. H. Bauman

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